

Notre Dame de Boulogne.

TO most Englishmen Boulogne is known merely as a convenient stage on the road from London to Paris, chosen by those who prefer a few miles more of sea and a few miles less of rail in their journey from one capital to the other. The hungry traveller, with his appetite whetted by an hour and a half of the rippling waters and pleasant breezes of the Channel, finds there, during a brief interval of repose, a well-appointed luncheon, of which the pleasant variety and the skill of continental cooks prevent his turning to any higher use his brief sojourn at Boulogne. Even to those who have spent some weeks in amusing themselves in its *Etablissement*, and in joining the picturesque assemblage of bathers whose customs at first seem strange to those whose notions of propriety are insular rather than cosmopolitan, Boulogne is but a very convenient watering-place, which affords to the health-seeking and pleasure-seeking holiday-maker an agreeable variety and more complete change than the much-frequented sea-side towns of our southern and eastern coasts.

Our present concern with the little town that greets us as we approach the coast of France, is not with its general attractiveness or its rival claims to the health resorts of our native shores. Nor is its interesting history to occupy us, noteworthy though it has been, from the time when Cæsar made his successful descent from thence upon the shores of Britain, to the day when it was the scene of Louis Napoleon's unsuccessful attempt, in 1846, to make himself master of the throne of France, and when his ignominious failure and capture clouded his future hopes far more completely than recent events have clouded the career of the bold General who aspires to replace the *imbéciles* who at present misgovern their ill-fated country. We are about to tell of one before whose greatness Cæsar and Napoleon are but contemptible nonentities—of one whose love for France has been manifested a thousand times over and who for twelve

hundred years and more has had Boulogne under her special protection. Notre Dame de Boulogne can claim a more venerable antiquity than most of the other local titles of the Holy Mother of God, as the marvel on which the devotion to her among the fisher-folk and citizens of Boulogne is said to date back to the seventh century. It was in the year 633 or 636 that it took place. At a still earlier date Clotaire the Second had founded a Christian church where the Cathedral stands, though we do not know whether it was at first dedicated to our Lady or no.

The legend to which Notre Dame de Boulogne owes the veneration paid her is differently told by the ancient chroniclers. We will give the two stories. The first is far more matter of fact and has a stronger claim on our acceptance as a truthful narrative. The second, though of older date, is legendary and poetical in the extreme, and draws a fancy picture of what the writer imagines ought to have happened rather than of what was in reality the fact.

The first is from the pen of Monsieur Le Roy, canon and archdeacon of the diocese of Boulogne in 1681.

In the year 633, or as some say, 636, in the reign of King Dagobert, there came into the harbour of Boulogne a boat without boatmen and without oars, for which the sea appeared desirous of showing its respect by an extraordinary calm. A bright light shone above it, and brought many people running down to the beach, to see what the boat contained. In it they perceived a wooden image of the Blessed Virgin, beautifully carved, about three and a half feet in height, holding the Infant Jesus on her left arm. The countenance of the image had about it something indescribably majestic and divine, which seemed on the one hand to hold in check the daring waves, and on the other hand to claim as of right the homage of mankind. While those whom a pious curiosity had attracted to the beach were delighted with the novelty of the sight they beheld, the Blessed Virgin gave no less joyful a surprise to the remainder of the people, who had assembled in the chapel at the upper part of the town, to perform their accustomed devotions. For, appearing to them in visible form, she told them that the angels had been commanded, by a secret decree of God's providence, to guide to their shores a vessel wherein an image of her would be found. She bade them go and fetch it, and place it in that chapel, as that was the spot she had chosen and where she intended from that time forward to receive the tokens and expressions of special homage from mankind. It is even asserted that she commanded them to dig in a place that she pointed out, assuring them that they would find there a sum of money

sufficient to defray the expenses which would be incurred in enlarging and embellishing the church. The tidings of this apparition spread at once throughout the town, and immediately the people flocked in crowds to the beach, to receive the sacred trust, the precious sign of Divine favour.

With due solemnity the holy image was carried to the church, where it is still venerated ; a church which may rightly claim to be ranked as one of the most ancient sanctuaries of Europe, one where devotion to the Blessed Virgin has flourished more than elsewhere, and where it has pleased God to work the largest number of miracles through her intercession, the majority of other images and shrines not having been known until a much later date.

The second story dates from the fifteenth century, and is to be found in the Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal at Paris. It is, says a modern writer, redolent of an age of graceful poetry, and seems to echo the quaint songs that the troubadours loved to sing.

In days of old, in the town of Boulogne, in the spot where is now situated the church founded in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mother, there was only a little chapel, thatched with straw, small in size, and far from magnificent. Now it happened that the Blessed Virgin Mother of God conceived an affection for the place where the little chapel was, and determined to select it for a special grace, that it might be consecrated to her service, and might become the object of pilgrimage. This design she accomplished in the following manner. One day she appeared to the citizens and inhabitants of Boulogne, coming over the sea in a boat without mast, without sail, without ropes, without oars, in which there was no boatman, nor any man whatsoever, but only a youthful maiden of pleasing aspect, simple in her attire, eloquent in her speech, dignified in her deportment, gracious in her mien, and of a beauty surpassing that of any woman upon earth. This is not to be wondered at, says the narrator, since it was the glorious and holy Virgin herself, she of whom the Creator says, by the mouth of His prophet : *Tota pulchra es, amica mea, et macula non est in te.*

When the boat with the holy Virgin, who sailed over the sea without any human aid, came straight ashore at Boulogne, near St. Peter's, the citizens and all the people who beheld her approach the land were struck with amazement. "Who are you," they cried, "you who appear so greatly beloved of Heaven, you who come hither thus, crossing unharmed these perilous seas? The loving favour of God must rest upon your person very specially, that He should vouchsafe to protect you in this manner, and bring you to a harbour of safety without incurring any danger."

To these questions the humble servant of God answered in this wise:

"Know, O my friends, that I am the advocate of sinners, the path

of the wanderer, the source of grace, the fountain-head of goodness and mercy, who conceived in my womb the Son of God, and brought Him forth into the world without detriment to my virginity. Now hear for what reason I have come. I desire a celestial light to shine upon you and your town. It is my good pleasure to select a certain spot, which I will point out to you, where I wish to be served and venerated, and I have come hither for the purpose of visiting it, of marking out the boundaries, and blessing it."

After having uttered these words, she who is the treasury of all graces proceeded towards the chapel, followed thither by the people. When she had arrived there, she drew lines round the humble sanctuary, to show the size of the church that she wished to be erected. Then she entered the chapel, and deposited there some rich jewels and superb reliquaries, one of which contained a few particles of her miraculous milk, and moreover the whole of the Scriptures. Next, turning to the citizens, she said to them, "My good friends, do you forthwith found and construct a church in my name, on the spot which I have chosen, and according to the plan I have marked out."

"Ah! noble source of all good," replied the citizens, "we know full well that all men upon the earth, with all they possess, are insufficient to honour you as you deserve to be honoured. We agree, therefore, in accordance with your good pleasure, to employ in your service all the wealth of this world which your Divine Son has entrusted to our keeping. But yet, O noble Lady, it seems that we all, such as we are, should not ever be able to procure all that it will be necessary to spend on so large a building, unless you assist us to obtain it." Thereupon the Virgin answered: "Never fear, you shall have gold and silver in abundance, enough and to spare." Then she led them to a place that was like a desert, and almost uninhabited. There she commanded them to dig in the ground until they found a large quantity of gold and silver; so that they had all that was wanted to carry out the undertaking. For this they gave thanks to our Lord Jesus Christ and His most holy Mother.

After these things, the Virgin Mary withdrew from those who stood by, and taking leave of them, returned to the sea-shore by a street called the *Sablon-Notre-Dame*. All who were present followed in her train, with profound humility and devotion, glad of heart, and thanking God for the wonders whereof they had been eye-witnesses. And while they were standing down by the harbour, the Virgin re-entered the boat, and suddenly an angel was seen to descend from Heaven, and take it out to sea so swiftly that in the twinkling of an eye the glorious Lady vanished from the beholders' sight.

In order that the memory of this miracle might not be lost, the citizens drove a stake into the ground at the spot where the Virgin landed. The writer we quote asserts that the stake still existed in his day; he even adds that the sea had retreated, and no longer came up so close to the stake as it did at the time it was planted.

Having done this, the citizens made it their business to begin raising the walls of the church, according to the dimensions marked out by the Queen of Angels; and when the edifice was completed, it was dedicated to the honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God.

Such is the legendary story. When we compare the two stories, and strip them of much that is obviously an accretion on the original facts, what remains as worthy of belief is (1) the drifting into the harbour of Boulogne of a statue of our Lady, which came no man knew from whence; (2) the clear intimation from our Lady to the inhabitants of Boulogne that a church was to be erected there in her honour and her statue set up therein, and that the place thus consecrated would be a centre of pilgrimage for all the country round for many centuries to come; (3) the visible apparition of the Mother of God to deliver this message to the Boulonnais.

We have a strong evidence to the truth of the story from the remarkable fact that the pilgrimage has continued unbroken for 1,250 years, and that even when the image disappeared, or had been destroyed, when the sanctuary had been burned to the ground, the devotion still remained. The sanctuary was rebuilt before many years had passed, and is still visited by tens of thousands of pious pilgrims year by year, in spite of the absence of the statue which once adorned it, and of which there now remains only a mutilated hand.

The church originally erected where the humble chapel had stood was at first only a wooden edifice. Three times it is said to have been burned down without any injury being done to the statue within it. Each time it was rebuilt in wood until, in the beginning of the twelfth century, St. Ida, the mother of Godfrey de Bouillon, rebuilt the church in substantially the same form that it bore up to the time of the Revolution. By this time the pilgrimage had become one of the most celebrated in Christendom. Many miracles took place there, and Our Lady of Boulogne proved a sure protection to all who sought her intercession. Two centuries later we read of Philippe-le-Bel invoking her in battle, at a moment when death seemed inevitable, and at once his horse leaped over the foe who had surrounded him. In recognition of this favour, the King came in pilgrimage, bringing as a present to the shrine a splendid reliquary, with several morsels of the true Cross enclosed in a magnificent crystal.

A curious fact in connection with the pilgrimage of Boulogne

was that a visit there by way of penance was often part of a judicial sentence. In 1273 Margaret, Countess of Flanders, condemned a citizen of Ypres named Jehan Ghime, who had wounded one of his fellow-citizens with a knife, to pay a certain sum by way of indemnity to the wounded man, and to make a solemn pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Boulogne. Before he started he had to receive in the church with due ceremony the pilgrim's staff and scarf, and on his return had to bring with him sealed letters, testifying to the accomplishment of the pilgrimage. In 1367 one Master Blondel was prosecuted for having sworn foully (*juré vilainement*), insulted the crucifix, and broken out of pure spite two images, one of our Lord and the other of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The sentence passed on him was that he should fast on bread and water every Friday for twelve months, and on every Saturday for a second twelve months, that he should go on foot as a pilgrim to Notre Dame de Boulogne, and pay to the King five *livres d'or*. Sometimes the pilgrimage was imposed by way of commutation for a sentence of death by the King's clemency. In 1412 a farmer named Pierre Corps d'Omme was condemned to death for stabbing a friend to whom he owed some money, but was reprieved by the King (Charles the Sixth), on condition of his making a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Boulogne and another to Notre Dame de Liesse, besides two months' imprisonment on bread and water.

Among the penalties imposed on the Albigensian heretics by the French Inquisition, a pilgrimage to some shrine was one of the most common. In the registers of the Inquisition at Carcassonne there is an official list of the principal sanctuaries to which these pilgrimages of penance were accustomed to be made, in order of importance. There were four greater pilgrimages—to the tombs of the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul at Rome, to the shrine of St. James at Compostella, of St. Thomas at Canterbury, and of the Three Kings at Cologne. After these a number of minor pilgrimages are enumerated to various places in France, and first on the list is that to Our Lady of Boulogne. The condemned started staff in hand, with wallet at his side, provided with a safe-conduct from the Bishop. He was dressed in garments of a particular shape, to distinguish him from ordinary travellers, or at least had to wear a large yellow cross on his tunic. On the road he was entitled to hospitality from all Christian people, and certainly had no reason to complain of

the severity of the treatment he received from the tribunal which had judged him for his apostasy. In fact, the ordinary penalties imposed by the French Inquisition are remarkable for their leniency, and make it their merciful object rather to gain back the offender to the true faith than to take vengeance on his crime. Besides the pilgrimages, other common penalties were alms to the poor, regular attendance at Mass, joining in religious processions (taking the discipline meanwhile), the care of some sufferer for a year, or the duty of keeping in repair a bridge or watercourse for a certain appointed time.

These compulsory pilgrimages included every class of person. In 1333 an archbishop's provost was condemned to visit Notre Dame de Boulogne for some usurpation of power. In 1460 a girl of bad character had a similar sentence passed on her by the judges of Arras for heresy. In the same year a canon of St. Furcy de Péronne, who had offended against some statutes relating to the clergy, had to make the same pilgrimage, and to present to our Lady a taper of 100lbs. weight.

The inhabitants of Paris had always been among the most devout clients of Our Lady of Boulogne. Every year a large company of pilgrims visited her shrine, and in the beginning of the fourteenth century, fearing lest in the course of time this pious custom might be broken off by reason of war or by the requirements of their home affairs, they determined to erect in honour of Our Lady of Boulogne a church near Paris itself. They chose the village of Menus, close to St. Cloud, and in 1330 the church was opened and the name of the village changed from Menus to Boulogne in honour of the event. This name it still retains, as well as the wood hard by. Probably few of our readers who have visited the Bois de Boulogne are aware of the pious origin of its name.

After the Battle of Poitiers, when John the King of France was a captive in the hands of the English, the Dauphin Charles came to Boulogne to try and obtain the release of his father, and visited the shrine of our Lady to satisfy his devotion and at the same time to intercede with her for his father's deliverance. To her he attributed the success of his efforts. John was released, and on October 25, 1360, started from Calais, which was then in the hands of the English, and walked on foot from thence to Boulogne in pilgrim's garb, to return thanks to her. In this pilgrimage he was joined by the King of England's three sons, Edward the Black Prince, Lionel Duke of Clarence,

and Edmund Duke of York, who also came on foot all the twenty-two miles which separate Boulogne from Calais. What greater proof could we have of the existing veneration for the sanctuary than the fact that the three victorious English Princes made this long journey afoot in honour of Our Lady of Boulogne in company with the captive monarch, who owed to her in great measure the release from his captivity?

For many years after this time, treasures of gold and silver, rich vestments, reliquaries and jewels, silver statues and *ex votos* without number, were poured into her treasury by her grateful children. Seven lamps, four of silver and three of gold, burned incessantly before the statue of our Lady, for whom no less than twenty costly robes of cloth of gold and other precious stuffs had been provided. In one hand she carried a golden heart, and our Lord, whom she bore upon the other arm, had golden flowers and a magnificent jewel in His hand. The pillars were covered with plates of silver, and the whole chapel was as richly adorned as it could well be. All these riches were the admiration of the two Courts of France and England, when in 1532 Henry the Eighth and Francis the First held their conferences in the Church of Notre Dame. The gorgeous accompaniments of that meeting are too well known to need description here. It is satisfactory to find that both Princes and all their Court paid their devout homage to Our Lady of Boulogne.

This was the last occasion on which the sanctuary shone in its full glory. The war between England and France soon broke out afresh. The English artillery during the siege of Boulogne did great damage to the Cathedral, and when the city was betrayed to them by the foreign mercenaries in the service of France, all the rich treasury of the church was simply given up to pillage. The gold and silver and jewels were carried off by the soldiers, and the image itself was, to the terror and dismay of the Boulonnais, carried off by the victorious foe. The English, however, only held Boulogne for five years. In 1550 it was restored to France by the Treaty of Capecure. They had paid dear for the occupation of the town, as the garrison had several times been decimated by a pestilence, in which the inhabitants saw the avenging hand of Our Lady of Boulogne.

The recovery of Boulogne was a source of intense joy to the heart of the King of France. The Church of Notre Dame, which had been desecrated, was re-opened with due solemnity.

The chapel, which had been destroyed, was rebuilt, and soon after, to the joy of the inhabitants, the miraculous image was brought back from England and restored to its former abode, with great rejoicing of the people. The benefit of our Lady's presence soon manifested itself in the miracles that took place, and the crowds that came from foreign countries as well as from France to visit the shrine were greater than ever.

Meanwhile the Reformation was gaining ground in France as well as elsewhere, and in 1567 the storm burst upon Boulogne. The town was seized by the Huguenots, the priests massacred, and the Cathedral fell into the hands of the heretics, who carried off the miraculous statue, no one knew whither. On the Catholics regaining possession of Boulogne, no trouble was spared by the citizens to discern what had become of their beloved statue, but for forty years the search was a fruitless one. The sanctuary was in ruins, and no effort was made to rebuild it. The sanctuary without the statue was like a church without the Blessed Sacrament. Pious pilgrims came indeed to Boulogne, but it was not to visit Notre Dame de Boulogne, but to pray her Divine Son that the long-lost statue of His Holy Mother might be restored to them.

At length these prayers were heard. In the neighbourhood of Boulogne, in the parish of Wimille, was a château, built in the previous century, called the Château de Honvault. There was living there, in 1607, an old man who was said to have been in his youth a Huguenot, and to have taken part in the massacre of the priests in 1567. He had now abjured his errors, and been reconciled to the Church, and lived in the midst of his family a peaceful and quiet life. One day this good man paid a visit to a relation of his, who lived a life of prayer and mortification in a hermitage that he had constructed for himself, at some little distance from Boulogne, in the forest of Desvrenne, and who went by the name of Père Vespasien. Anxious to show his good will to his saintly relative, the old man asked him whether he would like to have for his little chapel a precious relic which was then in the château, and informed him, to the good hermit's astonishment and joy, that, some time since, the statue of Our Lady of Boulogne had been discovered by him hidden in the well in his castle-yard, where it had been probably thrown by his old companions in arms when the church was sacked. "We have

never ventured," he continued, "to say a word about it, because we should be accused of having also concealed in our house the treasures of the Church, but I cannot die happy until I have consigned this treasure to one who will honour it as it deserves!" Père Vespasien joyfully accepted his offer, and after taking counsel with a priest of Boulogne, they went together to the Château of Honvault, where they found the statue set up in one of the rooms where the wife of Jehan de Frohart had placed it on its discovery in the well. The good dame, though she had never dared to reveal the hiding-place of the statue, had treated it with the greatest honour as long as she lived. Each day she had knelt before it and prayed with great devotion. She had often told her husband that she attributed to its presence his conversion and many other wonderful graces in her family, and she had brought up her children to regard it with the utmost veneration, as a source of countless blessings to their house.

The priest who accompanied Père Vespasien lost no time in rescuing from its hiding-place the long sought statue. He carried it on his shoulders, not to the hermitage in the wood, but straight to the gates of the city of Boulogne, where he sought out one of his friends who lived hard by the gate, and there deposited his treasure until such time as it should be restored to some public church.

The ecclesiastical authorities were very cautious in accepting the authenticity of the statue. The depositions of Jehan de Frohart and his children were duly taken. Old men who had been familiar with the image before the sack of the town by the Huguenots were examined as to its identity, and it gradually became clear to all that the statue discovered was one and the same with that which a thousand years before had floated miraculously into the harbour of Boulogne.

Meanwhile the judicial inquiry was confirmed by various miracles worked in favour of those who visited the statue and invoked our Lady's aid. A boy who was paralyzed was suddenly healed at the end of a novena made before it, a ship in imminent danger at once came safely into the harbour when the sailors invoked Our Lady of Boulogne and promised to come and return thanks at the foot of the lately discovered statue. But the chapel was still in ruins, and it was not till 1624 that it was rebuilt by the zealous efforts of the Bishop, and our Lady once more restored to her ancient sanctuary.

We must pass over the innumerable miracles wrought during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries at this celebrated shrine. At the time when the plague ravaged the northern parts, our Lady seemed to hold over all those who recommended themselves to her protecting hand, and the pestilence never approached them. In 1666, when all the country round was devastated by it, Boulogne was preserved intact. The villages around which came in pilgrimage to her shrine were kept safe from the visitation of this terrible scourge, and those in which it had already broken out were delivered from it on paying a visit to Boulogne to invoke her aid. The last pilgrimage to Boulogne before the Revolution was in July, 1789, from the parish of Samur.

In 1791 the National Assembly of France sent its commissioners to take an inventory of the treasures contained in the shrine. But the town was Catholic, and it seemed as if the storm would pass over and leave the devotion to our Lady untouched. Even the revolutionary party were free from the excesses that prevailed elsewhere. It was not till 1793 that André Dumont visited the town, and the revolutionists who had been accused of lukewarmness in the cause of liberty were fired by him to the same madness that already possessed the greater part of unhappy France. The hideous band of *sans-culottes*, armed with pikes and singing the *Marseillaise*, surrounded the statue of our Lady, crowned it in mockery with the red cap of liberty, and with every sort of insult, kindling a large fire, committed it to the flames.

Whether it perished there or not is a matter of dispute. Some say that it escaped the flames and is still hidden, no one knows where, awaiting the day when it will be restored to its ancient honours. This seems improbable, and is probably rather the expression of a pious hope than of an opinion that has any foundation in fact.

Happily, however, it is not entirely lost. During the time immediately preceding its consignment to the devouring flames, the holy image was placed in one of the rooms of the Hotel de Ville. One M. Cazin, who was attached to the Staff of the Army of the North, happened to be in Boulogne to obtain the approbation of the authorities for the proposed movements of the division in which he was serving. He was left alone for a short time in the room where the statue was, and observed that one of the hands was almost broken off, and was attached to

the body by a mere splinter of wood, he cut it off with his sword, and carried it away. When he left the place he handed it to his aunt, who received the gift with joy, and preserved it as a precious relic of happier days. At her death she bequeathed it to Canon Dupont, and thence it passed into the hands of Mgr. Haffreingue, who enclosed it in a silver-gilt hand, and when the new Cathedral was opened placed it in a silver-gilt heart and hung it on the new statue which had been made to replace that which had fallen a victim to the fury of the Revolution.

But we are anticipating. In 1798 the Cathedral was sold by the Government for £20,000 and the purchasers utterly demolished it, destroying altars, statues, tombs, everything. Nothing but a large heap of stones was left to mark the site where it had once stood. For more than twenty years that scene of desolation remained, until once more the site came into the market and was bought by the Abbé Haffreingue, whose persevering zeal restored the Cathedral, if not to its ancient glory, yet to a form not unworthy of the piety of the Boulonnais. In 1827 the first stone was laid, but it was not till nearly thirty years after that the work was completed and a beautiful marble statue of our Lady in her little boat, supported by angels on either side, was presented by a benefactress of the church to replace the miraculous image that the Revolution had destroyed. Since this the yearly pilgrimage has never ceased. From all the country round the faithful have flocked to the newly-established shrine, graces and miracles have been bestowed there in great number. In 1885 there was a pilgrimage and procession of unusual splendour, for on that year Notre Dame de Boulogne was solemnly crowned as Queen of Christian France.

It is of the procession of the present year that we are now about to speak. The day fixed for it is always the first Sunday after the feast of the Assumption. It is invariably accompanied by a mission preached in the Cathedral. This year the preachers were the Eudist Fathers, whose carefully prepared sermons, full of force, vigour, interest, and common sense, were admirably adapted to the congregation whom they addressed.

Before we enter on our account of the procession, we must say a word about a lesser ceremony which took place on the Saturday morning. The feast of Our Lady of Boulogne is naturally the occasion of a more secular festivity. The annual fair of Boulogne is held during the fortnight over which the

pilgrimages extend. Just outside the gate of the old town are gathered the usual motley assemblage of varied entertainments that characterize fairs all the world over. A wild beast show, a travelling theatre, booths innumerable, china and earthenware booths, cheap jewellery booths, booths with that strange admixture so peculiarly French of pious pictures, domestic pictures, and pictures of which the less said the better; sweetmeat booths with a tasteful variety of colour that leads the spectator to the conclusion that sweet indeed must be the flavour of bonbons so tastefully arranged; photographic booths, gipsy fortune-telling booths, rifle gallery booths, and gingerbread booths in great profusion, with the various kinds of gingerbread skilfully arranged, like the sweetmeats, with a view to the general effect. One announcement I observed that was novel and ingenious. Opposite the wild beast show, was a notice that that evening at the performance the den of the lions would be entered, not by a professional lion-tamer, but by a Boulogne shop-keeper, *Ce soir à 8 h. un amateur* (or as another placard had it, *un négociant de Boulogne*), *entrera dans la cave des lions*. We will hope that the courageous amateur escaped without injury from the ordeal.

The wandering showmen and artistes of a fair, as we all know, are not as a rule much given to religious observances. Even in Catholic countries it is not easy to bring them within the range of the Church's influence. Their vagrant life, their associations, the nature of their occupation, is not calculated to foster piety. Their presence in Boulogne for two or three weeks suggested to various pious persons in the town to take the opportunity of bringing the Sacraments of Holy Communion and Confirmation to those of the children who were engaged in the various troupes, or accompanied their parents to the fair, and who were old enough to receive these sacraments. So *les petits saltimbanques* were duly sought out, collected for instruction in a convent in the town, and on the Saturday within the octave of the Assumption, presented to the Bishop, some for their First Communion, and some for Confirmation; several of them receiving both sacraments at once. It was a touching sight to see these poor children dressed in their best clothes, and quite on their best behaviour generally, gathered together in the convent chapel on the occasion of the ceremony. Before the first communicants approached the altar, the Bishop gave them a little sermon on the happiness

of receiving our Lord, His wondrous condescension and His ardent desire, apparently so strange, of being united in Holy Communion to each one of them. Some ten to twelve made their First Communion; the little girls in their white veils, and the boys looking so solemn and yet so happy, were a consoling spectacle. Poor children! one could not help thinking, how many of you, or perhaps how few, will keep up the pious practice of which you have made a beginning to-day! When they had all returned to their places, one of the boys at the Catholic College of Boulogne recited for them some simple acts of thanksgiving, and when the Mass was finished the good Bishop again addressed them for a few minutes, skilfully passing from the Sacrament of which they had just partaken to that which some of them were about to receive. Our Lord had come to dwell with them, but before long He would depart; but as to His Apostles He promised that when He went away He would not leave them comfortless, but would send His Holy Spirit to them, so now He was about, after proving His overflowing love to His children by giving Himself in Holy Communion, to give them the further gift of the Holy Ghost in Confirmation. The Holy Spirit would dwell with them for ever if they continued faithful to God. He would remind them of that day of their First Communion, He would give them force to resist the temptations to which they would be exposed, He would strengthen them to overcome the force of their passions. Lastly the good Bishop exhorted them to approach frequently, very frequently he hoped, the Holy Table, for without this their souls would become cold, and it would be scarcely possible for them to continue free from sin.

When the ceremony was over, out marched the *petits saltimbanques* two and two, with an air as edifying and modest as if they had been little novices. The motley assemblage then broke up—nuns, pious ladies, a sprinkling of young men, and beside the relations of the children, some quite unmistakeable. In front of me, in his Sunday best, was a broad-shouldered man, the very cut of whose hair and the expression of his face proclaimed the professional gymnast, to say nothing of the hypertrophied muscles common to his class. Close by him were several others who clearly followed similar callings, with their spouses and daughters, come to witness the rather unfamiliar spectacle of the sacred rites which their children had just received.

After the ceremony a grand *déjeuner* was served for the children and their relations in the refectory of the convent. Monseigneur, to their great delight, came in to witness the feast, and went round with the most condescending kindness to each of the children, saying kind words to them, and bestowing on each a little present of a medal and sacred picture. The poor little Arabs departed one and all in high glee. The seed had been sown, which through God's blessing would grow up to a fruitful tree. A trifle like this makes an indelible impression, and even though it may be forgotten during the tempestuous years of youth and amid the cares of middle life, yet one day it will revive, and maybe will turn the scale in favour of some poor wanderer who otherwise would have died hardened and unrepentant.

The next day was the Sunday of the Great Procession. Of course there was High Mass in the morning, at which the Bishop pontificated. Four in the afternoon was the hour fixed for the procession to start, and some time before that hour, in the various streets and squares around the Cathedral, gathered those who were to take part in it from the different parishes of the town. The villages of the country round did not send their contingents, as they had each their own pilgrimage on some day between the feast of the Assumption and the first Sunday in September. This prevented the procession being of the proportions that it would otherwise have attained, but it was long enough for all that. At four o'clock the squadrons of the procession began to concentrate in front of the Cathedral, on the Parvis Notre Dame, and about a quarter past four the procession began. On the steps in front of the Cathedral were gathered the Bishop of Arras and Boulogne, his canons and his clergy, among whom two English ecclesiastics represented the faithful servants of our Lady from across the Channel. In front of the Cathedral was also ranged the Cathedral choir, and as the procession filed past, the familiar notes of the *Ave Maria* sung at Lourdes, which has now become the favourite hymn of Catholic France, proclaimed the glories of the Holy Mother of God. From time to time it was interrupted by the bands which accompanied one or two of the parishes, but of these there were not many, and as the procession passed along the streets, the lack of the cheering sounds of sacred music was certainly to be regretted.

The parish which furnished the vanguard was the Paroisse

du Portel, a little village hard by the town, and deriving its name from its being the little harbour (*Portulus* or *Portellus*), which lies alongside of its more considerable neighbour. We may take Le Portel as a fair specimen of the seven other parishes which followed in its wake. First came that formidable and magnificent individual inseparable from the French parish, whose threatening look strikes terror to the heart of every little *gamin*, and whose imposing appearance and baton solemnly resounding on the pavement, convey a vivid impression of the dignity of the ceremonial of the Church. *Le Suisse* naturally takes the lead as the drum-major of the army of God. Next comes the crucifix, borne aloft by the acolyte who serves as crossbearer, while a group of boys, similarly clad in the invariable red cassock and cotta, support him on either side. Then comes a statue of the Infant Jesus, with its escort of little children. Next a group of young sailors, four of whom bear aloft a model of a yacht richly bedecked with pennants. After this a banner of the Sacred Heart, carried by a number of little boys, and another banner on which is represented our Lord blessing little children. Then a bevy of young girls, four of them supporting in their midst a magnificent basket of flowers. Then the letter "M," on a large scale, gorgeously fashioned in blue and white, borne by a group of children. Then some young men with a banner of St. Joseph. Next the *Enfants du Marie*, all in white, followed by a group of fisher-girls, or *Matelottes*, clad in a most picturesque costume, red skirts and purple aprons, and over their shoulders curious shawls of white variously stamped with colours, and on their heads close-fitting caps of becoming and unpretending form. In their midst was a most beautiful and elegantly modelled statue of our Lady with the Infant Jesus in her arms. Then a line of fifteen children, carrying each one of the Mysteries of the Rosary, and then the members of the Christian Family, stalwart seamen and their wives, and villagers in general, with the clergy of the parish, in cassock and soutane, as the rearguard.

The other parishes had a cortege somewhat similar, though of course with local varieties. The parish of St. Pierre had a strong marine guard of men and boys, that of St. Francis de Sales was honoured with a magnificent banner of the Saint. The parish of St. Nicholas of course had their patron in his usual accompaniment of the tub, in which three young boys appear. The reader may perhaps have never heard the story,

or forgotten it. At all events, he will forgive us for interrupting our narrative to tell why one of the most important parishes of the town of Boulogne represents its patron as blessing a tub in which such strange contents are found.

In olden time, when young boys often went from one college to another and one university to another for education, three youngsters, innocent and comely, stopped at a lonely inn to pass the night. Their supper over, they lay down side by side, and, wearied out with long travelling, were soon fast asleep. Our host, who had already noticed that they had a bearing above ordinary students, began to reflect in his avaricious soul that perchance their valises were well stocked with money. A search into one of them soon confirmed his suspicions. He found a purse filled with gold. "See, wife," said he to his spouse, "with this money we could buy that field that would be so convenient an addition to our little paddock." "Nothing easier," said the evil-minded woman, "take thy cutlass and send the boys to sleep in Paradise." Her advice was carried out with all speed. The youths were slain as they lay, then cut in pieces and hastily packed by the murderous pair in a salting-tub, the miserable woman intending to serve them up in pickle to future guests. The deed was scarce over and the room washed clean, when an old man, venerable and travel-worn, knocked at the door and asked for lodging and refreshment. "What will you have for supper, sir?" they asked. "A little fresh meat, if you please," answered the venerable stranger, with a malicious twinkle in his eye. "Alas, sir, we have none in the house." The old man rose up indignant. "No fresh meat! Miserable wretches, have you not just cast into your salting-tub some that is only too fresh? Your greed of gold, and the devil who inspired you to murder the innocent, has procured it for you only a short time since by a deed that will soon bring down God's curse upon you, unless you repent. Go, bring me the salting-tub." The guilty pair in terror and dismay fell upon their knees and begged forgiveness of the holy Bishop Nicholas, whom now they recognized under the garb of the travel-worn stranger. The salting-tub was brought into his presence. The Bishop knelt in prayer, and rising made the sign of the Cross over it. Straightway the three boys sprang up in full life and vigour, fell on their knees before the Saint, thanked him for the life he had restored to them, and humbly implored his blessing.¹

¹ The popular metrical version of this story, which differs considerably from the

In almost all the processions were mingled with the children the good religious under whose care they were being brought up. Here it was the Christian Brothers with their little pupils, there the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul surrounded by their orphans in their dark blue costumes, now it was the Bernardines with their hideous habit, well designed to crush out all remains

legend as we have told it, is so quaint that we think that the reader will be glad to make its acquaintance :

LA LÉGENDE DE ST. NICOLAS.

Il était trois petits enfants
Qui s'en allaient glaner aux champs,
S'en vont un soir chez un boucher :
" Boucher, voudrais-tu nous loger ? "
— " Entrez, entrez, petits enfants,
Y a d'la place assurément. "
Il était trois petits enfants
Qui s'en allaient glaner aux champs.

Ils n'étaient pas sitôt entrés,
Que le boucher les a tués,
Les a coupés en p'tits morceaux,
Mis au saloir comme pourceaux.
Il était trois petits enfants
Qui s'en allaient glaner aux champs.

Saint Nicolas au bout d'sept aus,
Vint à passer dedans ce champ ;
Il s'en alla chez le boucher :
" Boucher, voudrais-tu me loger ? "
Il était trois petits enfants
Qui s'en allaient glaner aux champs.

— " Entrez, entrez, Saint Nicolas,
Y a d'la place, y n'en manq' pas. "
Il n'était pas sitôt entré,
Qu'il a demandé à souper.
Il était trois petits enfants
Qui s'en allaient glaner aux champs.

" Du p' tit salé, je veux avoir,
Qu' y a sept aus qu' est dans l' saloir. "
Quand le boucher entendit ça
Hors de sa porte il s' enfuya (*sic*).
Il était trois petits enfants
Qui s'en allaient glaner aux champs.

" Boucher, Boucher, ne t' enfuis pas
Repens-toi, Dieu te pardon'ra. "
Saint Nicolas alla s'asseoir
Dessus le bord de ce saloir.
Il était trois petits enfants
Qui s'en allaient glaner aux champs.

" Petits enfants qui dormez là,
Je suis le grand Saint Nicolas ! "
Et le saint étendit trois doigts ;
Les p'tits se r' levèrent tous les trois.
Il était trois petits enfants
Qui s'en allaient glaner aux champs.

Le premier dit : " J'ai bien dormi. "
— " Et moi, dit le second, aussi. "
Et le troisième répondit :
" Je me croyais en Paradis. "
Il était trois petits enfants
Qui s'en allaient glaner aux champs.

of vanity in those who attach themselves to its severe rule. Now it was a long array of children from the Free Schools of the Sisters of Charity, and once again a congregation of the Children of Mary, under the direction of St. Vincent's unwearied daughters. Mixed among these were children of the Patronage of the Sacred Heart, young sailors carrying a vessel all decked with flags, girls in white and purple belonging to the Confraternity of Our Lady of the Seven Dolours, others in pure white and with golden garlands on their heads around a banner of the Sacred Heart. Nor was Our Lady of Lourdes forgotten, or the Angel Guardian, or St. Benedict Joseph Labre, whom Picardy claims as its glorious son by reason of his birthplace at Amettes, near Lillers, in the Pas de Calais. Thus one parish passed after another, always the stately Suisse in front, with the cross and the little boys in red, always the parish clergy in the rear, always a picturesque *mélange* of banners and statues and baskets of flowers and the varied costumes of the little children, always sprinkled with various religious garbs of men and women and with the *Enfants du Marie* and the members of the Holy Family in front of the priests.

In the midst of one of the parish groups, I forget which, was a trio of special interest. Three children were dressed up to represent the Holy Family. A very modest, nice-looking boy of ten or eleven in the character of St. Joseph, and carrying a lily in his hand; on the other side a little girl about the same age, or younger, vested and dressed in blue and white, as our Blessed Lady; while between them, holding the hand of each, in a red frock, walked a tottle of three or four years, to impersonate the Infant Jesus. The idea was a good one, and the children well chosen to carry it out. It had, moreover, a sort of happy audacity which was calculated to recommend it to the Catholic hearts of the spectators.

The procession walked briskly, but nevertheless it took more than three-quarters of an hour to pass. It was orderly and wonderfully well organized, considering that all had to be done by a few volunteers and young abbés. From the Government no countenance whatever. No soldiers, no *gendarmes* with their picturesque uniforms to enliven the sameness of the crowd, and offer a moral as well as a physical support to the cause of Our Lady of Boulogne. Those who had seen the procession in former years alleged that this entire absence of any recognition by the civic authorities had a most damaging effect

on it in many other ways. Somehow there are in France a large number of folks who are not a little influenced by the attitude of the Government, however bad and however contemptible it may be. The Government has, moreover, so large a number of employés, and exercises such a tyranny over them, that its hostility to religion of necessity influences their conduct. In England we are in such an utterly different relation to those in power that it is not easy to appreciate the servitude of a French Government official. Woe be to him if he ventures to send his boys to a "clerical" school instead of to the godless and corrupting Lycée! On the slightest excuse he is sure to be dismissed, or at least to be kept down in the ranks and to be barred from all promotion. Woe be to him if he uses his authority to afford any sort of protection to religious processions or ceremonies! Such a grievous offence is soon visited with its due reward from the miserable and godless crew who rule their country's fortunes. It is almost a crime in their eyes to go regularly to Mass and to frequent the sacraments. Sad indeed has been the effect on France. Faith is still strong, thank God, in that land, beloved of God and His Holy Mother, but impiety and hatred of God seem for the time to be stronger still. In many towns, perhaps in most, faith is diminishing little by little. The schools of the various religious have now been long closed, or else have changed hands and been kept up with reduced numbers and a different *regime* under some abbé as their *titulaire* or nominal head. More than half the boys who used to frequent the schools of the Regulars are now trained to all that is evil, or at least to nothing that is good, in the Government Lycées. What must the effect be on the next generation? What a harvest the devil will reap when these boys have passed to their manhood! What a pestilent work of open infidelity and debauched morals will spring up in the garden of the Lord to choke the good seed which is now of necessity less freely sown by pious hands in the soil of human hearts! The struggle goes on, and at present it seems as if Satan would drive out Jesus Christ. But God often shows His almighty power in ways that we do not in the least expect. He has not forgotten France, and when she has been purged by penance and has humbled herself to the dust, then the tens of thousands of pious souls, the flower of her population and the hope of their country, will prove to the world that over France the Sacred Heart of Jesus still yearns,

and that over her one day He will pour out the infinite treasures of His mercy and of His love.

We must return to the account of our procession, which is now drawing to its close. When the last of the parishes has passed by, that of Notre Dame and St. Joseph, come the special servants (*cortège d'honneur*) of Notre Dame de Boulogne. Her banner first of all, then a collection of old men belonging to the Hospice and of old women from the house of the Little Sisters of the Poor. Then the musicians, and after them a number of religious, Daughters of St. Vincent de Paul, Sisters of St. Joseph, Sisters of Bon Secours, Augustinians, Christian Brothers, among whom were mingled priests and deacons in alb and dalmatic, bearing many precious relics in gorgeous reliquaries. They are succeeded by young girls in white with wreaths of silver flowers on their heads, in the midst of which is carried the hand of the ancient statue enclosed in a case of silver, and immediately following the chief object in the whole procession, the silver statue of our Lady in a silver boat, after the model of that which is believed to have drifted into the harbour in the manner already narrated. It is carried in triumph on the shoulders of stalwart sailors of the parish of St. Pierre, while others walk around as escort and relieve their companions if need so be. A body of men belonging to various charitable and Catholic organizations in the town follow next. Then a picturesque group of choir-boys, then the officials of the Cathedral, the clergy, the canons, the Fathers who are preaching the mission, and last of all, in full pontificals, supported by two of his priests, Mgr. Dannel, Bishop of Arras, Boulogne, and St. Omer. A trying time indeed the poor Bishop must have had. Beside the heavy vestments, he had to carry his crosier in his hand all along the route. He was moreover continually impeded by pious fathers and mothers bringing to him their little children for him to lay his hand upon them and bless them. Every dozen steps he was thus stopped, sometimes oftener, and his kindly smile and gesture, testified to the joy felt by the true shepherd of his Master's sheep, in doing his Master's work in the midst of his beloved and in some sense persecuted flock. For what persecution is more dangerous and subtle than that by which the Government seeks to undermine the faith of the people, and to discountenance all public display of the ceremonies of the Catholic Church?

We must not conclude without reminding our readers

that the procession is but the centre of a long series of pilgrimages which take place during the whole period of the mission. Almost every morning some one or more of the parishes round comes in solemn procession to visit the shrine, hear Mass, and listen to a short address from the preachers of the mission. The routine is generally the same. Holy Communion before they start: then a long march on foot to Boulogne, headed, of course, by the invariable Suisse, followed by the crucifix and altar-boys, and the faithful generally. What was most pleasing in these pilgrimages, next to the edifying devotion of the people, was the large proportion of men who invariably accompanied them. In some the men were as numerous as the women, and in every pilgrimage they were well represented. The idea that in France none but women frequent the church is quite a mistaken one, and nowhere more mistaken than in the pious towns, villages, and hamlets which lie around the spot where Our Lady of Boulogne sheds her gracious influence round.

R. F. C.

Sir James Marshall, C.M.G.

IN MEMORIAM.

ANOTHER good and zealous Catholic layman has passed away, the Catholic Truth Society has lost its Treasurer, and the Catholic Missions on the West Coast of Africa have lost their best friend and benefactor in this country. Our readers will remember the series of papers that appeared last year in *THE MONTH*, in which Sir James Marshall gave a graphic account of his own personal adventures on the Niger, and it is thought that a sketch of the life and career of the author of those papers will interest those who read them.

James Marshall was born at Edinburgh, on December 19, 1829. His father was at that time Presbyterian minister of the Tolbooth church, which is the eastern portion of St. Giles' Cathedral. His mother was a daughter of the Rev. Legh Richmond, whose *Annals of the Poor* were so well known in Protestant families a generation ago. In 1841, Mr. Marshall, senior, after long and anxious deliberation, became convinced of the Divine institution of episcopacy, and at great sacrifice of position, income, and ties of friendship, resigned his office in the Scotch Presbyterian Church, and eventually, in 1847, was appointed to Christ Church, Clifton, of which church he was minister until his death in 1855. James was the fourth of a family of twelve children, of whom six died in childhood. When he was sixteen, a gun in the bow of a boat that he was pulling ashore on Lundy Island accidentally went off, and the whole charge passed through the upper part of his right arm, which had to be taken off at the shoulder. For several days he lay between life and death, but at length his strength returned, and he soon learned to write with his left hand, and became so dexterous that people who met him in society hardly noticed the loss he had sustained. Before this accident took place, James had had an ardent wish to enter

the army, and serve in India, and his father had gone so far as to apply for a cadetship. The army was now out of the question, and in 1847 he entered Exeter College, Oxford, and after taking his degree, became an Anglican minister in 1852, and his first curacy was at a small village called Trysull, not far from Wolverhampton. In 1854, he became curate to the late Rev. W. Denton, of St. Bartholomew's, Moor Lane, in the parish of St. Giles', Cripplegate.

Whatever James Marshall took in hand, he did it with all his might. When he made up his mind to be an Anglican clergyman, he determined to devote himself heart and soul to his work. The same principles that had led his father to embrace episcopacy led most of his children to go far beyond himself in a High Church direction.¹ Before he went to London, James had fallen under the influence of a movement which had for its main object the infusion into the sacramental and sacerdotal system of Puseyism the personal piety and inward conversion to God insisted upon by the early evangelicals. It is difficult to form an accurate judgment of religious movements among the various bodies that have separated from the Church. The Church has pronounced clearly upon the heresies which caused their separation, but she does not concern herself with their subsequent developments. Catholics therefore form widely divergent opinions as to the relative proportion of good or evil in such movements. The effect of this influence on the subject of this sketch was to deepen in him those habits of prayer which he had learned in childhood, to set his heart on fire with a personal love of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to make him ready for any sacrifice for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. He threw himself with all his soul into his work among the costermongers and the crowds of poor people who thronged the courts and alleys near Moor Lane. He and his fellow-curates preached out of doors and in rooms in these courts, while at the same time he took the greatest pains in improving the music and other external parts of public worship in the church. His bright and joyous temperament, his warm, affectionate heart, his tender sympathy with affliction of every kind, and his firm and delicate treatment of difficult cases that came under his notice, caused him to

¹ Mr. Marshall senior had, in a paper read before "The Kirk Session," said, "The main question is, Has the great Head of the Church left us any intimation of His will respecting the way in which His Church was to be governed?" (*Life*, p. 79.)

be much appreciated and beloved; and many who did not have the happiness to follow him into the Catholic Church, still retain a deep sense of love and respect for him.

It is necessary to bear these things in mind in order to understand what an immense sacrifice it was to him to give up so much that seemed such good work, and become a nonentity in the Catholic Church. The loss of his arm, which had not been considered a bar to his becoming an Anglican preacher, was an insuperable obstacle in the way of his becoming a Catholic priest. As happens so often with earnest-minded Anglicans, he had to listen to and attempt to satisfy the difficulties of several young men in the congregation. Some other young London clergymen were in the same difficulties. The mutual discussion of their misgivings deepened instead of dissipating them. "We were at it till past midnight," he wrote, "and all I could see at the end was, that if the Pope is not the Vicar of Jesus Christ, he must be Antichrist, and that I must be either a Roman or a Protestant. . . . All seem going on as I have done, dreading lest there might be a mine under their feet, but not liking to dig and see." Unable any longer to bear the suspense, Marshall and a clerical friend, who has been for the last thirty years a devoted Catholic priest, sought an interview with Father Edmund Vaughan, at the Redemptorist Monastery, Clapham. Marshall's main point was the Papal Supremacy, his friend's great difficulty was the Catholic devotion to our Lady. To the amusement of Father Vaughan, Marshall, who had long had a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin refuted all his friend's objections on that score, while his friend supplied the solution to most of his difficulties about the Pope. Father Vaughan said, "Well, you two will very soon convert one another." A short time afterwards he resigned his curacy, and wrote from his mother's house:

I have gone through as much, almost more than mind and body can sustain, and the fierceness of the conflict is now over, and I am already entering on the actual *possession* of that glorious inheritance of the children of God, which I have already deeply enjoyed in the *hope* that I had it. God has enabled me to exercise an abstract faith in His Church, though it was always attended by an aching doubt that perhaps it was exercised in a wrong position and object. It has proved so, but all doubt is now passing away, and certainty taking its place. . . . I shall knock boldly at the gate, and that gate will be opened to me,

and I shall be safe with Jesus and Mary, Saints and Angels, in the Bosom of God. It is very hard to flesh and blood, but the worst is, I hope, passed ; but if not, so be it.

This letter was written November 11, 1857, and he was received into the Church, on the 21st of November, by the late Father Coffin, who died Bishop of Southwark, and with whom James Marshall remained to the last on terms of most affectionate friendship. From that day, not a shadow of doubt seems to have ever darkened his mind, and he could say : *Elegi abjectus esse in domo Dei mei, magis quam habitare in tabernaculis peccatorum.*

The position of an Anglican clergyman who becomes a Catholic is always surrounded with more or less difficulty. His whole mind has generally been wrapped up in ecclesiastical matters, he has been looked up to as a teacher and guide, with a number of persons and various charitable organizations depending upon him. He finds himself suddenly regarded as a neophyte, whose duty is to learn and not to teach, and whose opinion on matters spiritual, theological, or ecclesiastical is not only of no weight, but suspected to have an heretical tinge. If he finds a vocation to the priesthood, his course is clear and simple. But if that course is closed to him, and he has not means of his own, he finds himself reduced to a painful struggle for existence, and is obliged to seek for a livelihood in occupations always strange to him, and often uncongenial. James Marshall for some two or three years remained with the Oblates of St. Charles at Bayswater as a kind of lay-brother. His musical knowledge enabled him to direct the choir, and his love for children made him very useful in the school, which has since grown into St. Charles' College. But the living in daily intercourse with the priests, and the constant attendance at the altar, where he could never offer the Holy Sacrifice, kept his position too painfully before him. Some time after he had left, he wrote thus :

When I found my life at Bayswater did but crush me more and more under the bitter trial of being excluded from ministering at the altar ; and that I could not enter the cloister either, I had to enter upon the position of a Christian gentleman in the world. I did so, and very queer it was for a time : but my aim was to establish myself distinctly in that character.

He took a situation as tutor in a Catholic family, but

eventually found a much more congenial occupation as one of the masters in the Oratory School at Edgbaston, "where," he writes in 1863, "I still am, and believe myself to be one of the happiest creatures on the earth." He gives an account of the daily life in the school, and says :

The general tone of the school is most admirable, and a cause of the most deep gratitude to all engaged in it. . . . Another immense blessing is the real fraternal love that exists among the masters, as well as the open-hearted affectionate standing we are upon with the boys. We are quite dependent on each for society, as unfortunately we have no other here ; so it is fortunate we pull so well together.

The friendly feeling for the masters and for the Fathers at Edgbaston continued unbroken to the end of his life. Cardinal Newman and all the Fathers had an affectionate regard for him. He was always a welcome guest at the Oratory. He and Lady Marshall were present at the Prize Day and Latin Play only a fortnight before he died : and the first telegram opened after he breathed his last was a farewell blessing sent an hour before by the venerable Cardinal. The late Serjeant Bellasis, whose sons had all been Mr. Marshall's pupils at the Oratory, frequently visited Cardinal Newman, and it was chiefly by his advice that James Marshall availed himself of the law which now enables ex-parsons to divest themselves of their clerical disabilities, and he entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, and in due course was called to the bar.

In 1865 or 1866, he attached himself to the Northern Circuit, and took up his abode at Manchester. He was considered fortunate to make over £80 in his first year, and he had several pupils, chiefly young Frenchmen and Germans, who wished to study English Law. In his Anglican days, Mr. Marshall had assisted at the starting of the *Union* newspaper, and thus in conjunction with Dr. F. G. Lee, Lord Beauchamp, and others, may be said to have originated the Ritualistic movement. At Manchester, he had much to do with the foundation of *The Catholic Times*, as afterwards in the short-lived publication of *The Catholic Press*. In politics he was a Liberal, but never allowed his party predilections to influence him when any Catholic interest was at stake. The Franco-Prussian War swept away all his pupils, and he was glad to accept the offer made to him in 1873 of the appointment of Chief Magistrate and Judicial Assessor to the native tribes on the Gold Coast, at a town called Cape Coast.

The climate of the Gold Coast is extremely trying, but by great prudence Mr Marshall contrived to stand it in spite of several very serious attacks of African fever. When the Ashanti War took place, before he had been five months in office, a striking manifestation was given of the influence which the firm, just, and considerate conduct of the Chief Magistrate had already acquired over the natives. They refused to accompany the British troops unless Mr. Marshall would go as their leader. They looked upon him as a great warrior, who had lost his arm in battle, and had the greatest confidence in his generalship. On one occasion when the bearers deserted in a body, he was enabled to afford Sir Garnet Wolseley very important assistance, by holding a court, at which the native chiefs assisted, and passed sundry enactments, which secured bearers for the army.¹ His services on this occasion were duly acknowledged in Sir Garnet Wolseley's despatches, and in the following year the Ashanti medal was awarded to him. Mr. Marshall expected to have to appear in a military capacity, in 1876, when it was supposed that we should have to punish the King of Dahomey for the atrocities committed by that bloodthirsty barbarian.

After the Ashanti War, the affairs of the Gold Coast were put upon a more systematic footing. A regular judicial system was established, and Mr. Marshall, who had been transferred to Lagos in 1874, was gazetted senior puisne Judge in 1876; and afterwards Chief Justice in 1880. During his stay in England in 1877, an important change took place in his life. On the 25th of October, he married Alice, youngest daughter of the late C. G. Young, Esq., of Corby, Lincolnshire, a young lady to whom he had been engaged when living in Manchester; though the engagement had been broken off, when the loss of his pupils left him without means to offer his bride a suitable home. They met again, and the engagement was renewed.

¹ "The Chief Magistrate, Mr. Marshall, proceeded to Dunquah, and reported thence that he was convinced the question of the nature of food had something to do with the desertion of the carriers, recommending that markets for the sale of *cankey* should be set up at as many of the stations as possible; but at the same time he wrote: 'The main cause, however, of the wholesale desertion is simply the idle disposition of the natives: they hate work, and seldom do any, and to go suddenly in for carrying loads is too much for their feelings, patriotic or otherwise. The enemy being over the Prah must also be a great inducement to their retiring habits.' The Chief Magistrate rendered invaluable service at Dunquah, as Captain Lees had done at Cape Coast: both of these gentlemen threw themselves heart and soul into the cause of the expedition, and worked with a zeal and energy above all praise." (Brackenbury's *Ashanti War*, vol. ii. p. 29.)

Their marriage was blessed at Bayswater by his old friend the Rev. Walter Richards, D.D., and their union was a most happy one in every respect.¹ At first it was thought impossible for Mrs. Marshall to accompany her husband to Africa, but she insisted upon going; and, encouraged by the presence of one or two other English ladies there, the attempt was made, and it was found that she stood the climate better than he did, and on more than one occasion he considered that he owed his life under God to the careful nursing that he had from his wife. Their first-born, James Bernard, was born in 1878. In 1880 he bought a small villa at St. Marychurch, where his youngest child, Alice Mary, was born in the same year. This became his English home as long as he held his African appointment.

All this time, his judicial duties and his domestic affairs by no means absorbed all his thoughts and interests. His leading hope was that he might be some support and help to the Catholic missions in West Africa, and might bring not only the benefits of civilization, but the still greater blessings of the Catholic faith to the poor heathen who are sunk in the lowest depths of fetichism. In 1876 he wrote:

The mission here is very poor, and has all Africa before it, and I think my principal duty lies there. The poor Padres have a hard time of it, and I fear very little fruit falls to them. The only hold the Catholic Church seems to have is upon the families of the emancipated slaves of Brazil and Cuba, who also form the most industrious portion of the Lagos community. The Principal of the mission has been very dangerously ill: very near death. I know it will please you to hear that I was with him daily, and that in his delirium he asked for me, and refused to see the doctor until he was told I had asked him to do so. He was then ordered home, and I was the person to tell him, and to assure him that he really must go. Seldom have I felt so much respect and admiration for a man, as for this Father Cloud, and his patience and gentleness in his weary work, which has lasted for some fifteen years out on this coast; getting many an insult and rebuff from the French and Portuguese so-called Catholics, but generally Free-

¹ He thus described it, in 1881: "I met her through being secretary at a bazaar for industrial schools and a Convent of the Good Shepherd, and though it then seemed sheer madness, I got engaged to her. The Mother Superior of the Convent told me she had prayed that I might be rewarded for my trouble by getting a good wife. We were separated by my misfortunes, as I thought, finally; until, on my second visit home, I seemed forced and compelled to go and see her; which I did, and in five minutes was done for; and mercifully for me, she was not averse. And now, the longer we live together, the more complete is our love, and the deeper the love, the more convinced I am it is a love blessed by God, and a heavenly blessing to me."

masons and Communists. You may imagine therefore my surprise and pleasure, when I found that in his illness he turned to me in the way he did, and on leaving declared my visit had saved his life. It is indeed a blessing to be in a position where I am of some real use in the world, and am helping towards the civilization of a vast country.

Of another missionary he writes :

Père Louapre was a most charming man and an admirable missionary, who had been an army chaplain in Algeria. He arrived soon after I did with, I think, two others. Shortly after his arrival I found him located in a small ground-floor room, used for keeping stores, suffering from an attack of fever, after a night of rain, which came through the roof, and forced him to sit up on his bed under an umbrella. His description of his sufferings and inconveniences was most amusing and comical. Everything was turned into a joke, mixed with laughing protestations that his missionary vocation did *not* include living in a store-room with a leaky roof, which forced him to sit up in bed under an umbrella, instead of lying down to sleep. Happily before long the mission-house was finished, with a set of well-ventilated rooms on the first floor, and the Fathers moved into it. The event was celebrated by a dinner, at which I was one of the few guests, and a merry, happy gathering it was. . . . These French Fathers, in addition to their missionary character, afforded a most charming society in a part of the world where pleasant and superior society is very scarce, and no amount of fevers, troubles, and disappointments ever crushed the spirit or zeal of those noble, good men. (*Reminiscences*, pp. 20, 21.)

These good Fathers could be very firm when it was necessary to maintain the discipline of the Church. The following incident shows what the Church has to suffer from the evil influence of Freemasonry, even in those distant places. Sir James writes :

Not long before I arrived, a Portuguese merchant died without the sacraments, a Freemason, as well as a notorious evil liver. He was rich and popular, especially among the Freemasons, and he was a Catholic, and had been tolerably generous in gifts to the Church. . . . He died a Freemason, unreconciled to the Church, and whilst he left the poor man's soul to be judged by God, Père Cloud steadily and firmly refused Christian burial to his body. . . . This refusal to bury a man of position and importance roused the fury and indignation of the Freemasons and their friends. . . . They had not yet adopted the open denial of any God, which is the boast of many Freemason lodges, in addition to the entire ignoring of Christianity and the Christian's God which prevails in all, and therefore they could not bury him with atheistic or pagan rites of their own as is now done in France by the Masons. But Père Cloud remained firm. . . .

As the deceased had no relations in Lagos, his property was placed

by my predecessor in the hands of another Portuguese, a man of the same stamp, and a strong Freemason. Of course his duty was to administer the estate for the heirs at law. After some time the heirs applied to the court for information about the property, as they had received nothing, nor any accounts. It therefore became my duty to examine into the affair, which ended in my making out a warrant for the apprehension of this precious friend of the deceased, on the charge of having appropriated everything he could lay hold of to his own use. But his brother Masons got wind of it, and though I did all I could to have him arrested, they managed to smuggle him out of the jurisdiction in a canoe, and had no hesitation in acknowledging they had done so. So I learned that the fraternity of Freemasonry included fraternity in crime, and that even when a Mason robbed the property of a brother Mason he was protected by his brethren from the law. This man's hatred of Père Cloud and the priests was something extraordinary, such as seems to exist only in the heart of bad Catholics who have renounced, without really losing, their faith. (*Reminiscences*, pp. 21—23.)

It is not to be wondered at that these Freemasons made many attempts to persuade Mr. Marshall to join their society. He laughed at them, and told them that he knew all about them, as, when he was an undergraduate at Oxford, he had, with several of his young friends, been initiated and even been made a "Mark Mason;" but had renounced it all when he became a Catholic. They were obliged to confess that he spoke the truth; and this made them hate him, almost as much as they hated the Fathers.

Another extract from these *Reminiscences* shows that the work already done by the devoted little handful of missionaries is by no means insignificant. Père Chausse, the Superior at Lagos, wrote to Sir James in 1884:

Our missions are getting on well, and are developing under the blessing of God. In 1863, when our first Fathers arrived, there were three adults who performed their Easter duties. Last Easter we had nearly nine hundred communicants. The Mass is well attended. Christian marriages are held in honour, and the schools have given great satisfaction to the Government Inspector. (p. 33.)

The repeated attacks of fever gradually undermined Mr. Marshall's constitution. He had a wonderful power of recuperation. Sometimes he would be hurried on board a homebound ship in the lowest stage of illness, and during the voyage would pick up his strength to such an extent that he felt quite ashamed of presenting himself at the Colonial Office

as an invalid. The following extracts from letters, written during his last year at Accra, will show how severely his buoyant spirit, youthful to the last, was tried by that deadly climate; and they also afford a glimpse of that strong faith which had supported him through so many trials. His wife, who had stayed at home with the children, had bravely set out on the long voyage alone when she heard of his illness. He had been reading the *History of St. Catherine of Siena*, by Miss Drane. He writes, June 6, 1881:

I became ill, and have been so more or less for more than five weeks, and my feeling now is, that if she (his wife) does not come, my chances of stopping out my time will be greatly lessened. The heroics are gone, and I do thank the Sisters for their kindness in thinking of me. . . . The Life of St. Catherine of Siena has fascinated me. I never read anything like that before; or is it that sickness and solitude in a sort of hermitage have brought me a little more sense? It seems to have given me a kind of personal acquaintance with her, so that I have prayed to her for health and help in a way that seems new to me. I am sorry to say that Saints have generally appeared to me from what I have read of them to be disagreeable, severe, and rude to all in the world; but St. Catherine, with all the wonders of her sanctity, must have been on earth something marvellously loveable and attractive. Ever since I left England, I have united my Mass-prayers with your eight o'clock Mass, and generally the week-day Rosary and Benediction. Now that I know of St. Catherine, and that the Mother Prioress (Mother Rose Columba, now in Adelaide) and the Sisters are *hers*, I am more drawn to this than ever, and do beg for their kind prayers to St. Catherine for me and mine. I have been very unwell, and very unhappy, with a great fear lest I was to be taken away, out here in exile from home and Church; but perhaps it will prove good for me, removing a few more excrescences. Imagine me, of all people, left for five weeks, in a house by myself, ill and down-hearted, with only one real friend in the place, whom I only saw very occasionally, having to occupy myself as best I could. Yet I can't bear to be taken away from here. For a few days, ill as I was, I had to go to Elmina, but I was thankful to get back to my lonely life, and I limit my reading of St. Catherine, so as to make it last longer. I fear I am indulging in self-conceit again, in writing this to you; but I write it to you, if I may say so, spiritually, as I should be glad that you should know that being ground in the mill may prove God's goodness to me, in at last making me learn something. I hope you will all pray much for my brave wife. None of you can realize what the voyage will be to her all alone. . . . I am glad the bairns have been consecrated to our Blessed Lady, and so placed under her special protection. . . . I often wish I could make as full a confession to a priest as I sometimes can here all alone, and

without so many distractions. I wear what is left of the scapular, and hope Alice will bring me a new one.

June 8th. I was much better when I began this letter, but grieve to say I have had another severe return. It is a sore time of trial to me, and the dread of what may happen weighs at times heavily upon me. . . . I have begun a Novena to St. Catherine for my health to-day. I feel I may ask for it on behalf of my wife and little ones. . . . I got to my Easter duties at Lagos, and was so pleased to see that the mission is really beginning to show power.

June 16th. This is Corpus Christi, and in my exile, my heart is with you all. It is also the ninth day of my Novena to St. Catherine of Siena, and I feel constrained to write again to you to tell you that this last day has been a thanksgiving from my grateful heart for a recovery from my long and obstinate illness. I am not telling, still less I trust boasting, of anything supernatural. I have told you of the way St. Catherine's Life laid hold of me, both in my heart and my intellect, rousing, I trust, a little of what is due to God in the one, and a beginning of true sense or knowledge in the other. Her kind thoughtful love for her friends, kindest to those who, like Stephen Maconi, needed it most, drew me to her at a time when I was in great distress and anxiety about my health, and then it flashed upon me to offer a Novena. I began it on the 8th, and asked her to pray for my restoration to health, by obtaining a blessing on the means used. The 6th and 7th were very bad days with me, and I greatly feared what might be in store for me, for remember, this was the sixth week of this constant irritation of the bowels day and night. I tell you the plain truth when I say, that from my first day's offering to St. Catherine on the morning of the 8th, I have steadily improved, and to-day look upon myself as *well*, although, of course I shall have to be very careful for a few days more. I hope I am not presumptuous in writing this to you. I do so because of the special and peculiar union that binds me to you, and now also to your Church and the Convent, because of the kind and useful friend, if I may venture to use the word, I have found in their wonderful St. Catherine. I shall be so grateful if you can in some way offer a thanksgiving to St. Catherine for me, if only a word at the altar, and perhaps Mother Prioress will also do so for me.

In January, 1882, Chief Justice Marshall was ordered home by the medical authorities, as the only hope of saving his life ; and he was ill for some time after his return. On the 29th of June, by Her Majesty's command, he went down to Windsor, and received the honour of knighthood at the hands of the Queen. He wished very much to have been able to go out again to his post on the Gold Coast, but the medical authorities at the Colonial Office said it would never do, so on the 15th of

July he resigned, greatly to the regret of all who had known him in the colony.

Sir James Marshall was of too active a disposition to remain idle, and he accepted a place on the Directorate of the National African Company, for which he was well qualified by his long experience on the West Coast. He never lost his interest in the colony, and was the Commissioner for the Gold Coast at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition; at which, through his exertions, that colony was represented by the various products in which it trades. For his services at this Exhibition, Sir James received from Her Majesty the Companionship of St. Michael and St. George, in August, 1886.

When the National African Company obtained a Royal Charter as "The Royal Niger Company," it was found necessary to put the judicial affairs of the Niger Territory on a regular footing. They asked Sir James Marshall to go out there as Chief Justice, and when he was obliged to decline this office on the score of health, they asked him to undertake it for a few months at least, in order to give the Judge who was to be appointed permanently the benefit of his knowledge of the best way to deal with the natives, so as to avoid as far as possible wounding their susceptibilities, while insisting upon a cessation of their revolting barbarities, especially in the matter of the wholesale murder of slaves, which takes place on the death of a king or a chief. The principal inducement to Sir James Marshall to undertake this expedition was the hope that he might be able to assist in establishing Catholic missions on the banks of the Niger. It was a serious risk for him to go, and the illness of his little girl, just at the time when he was to leave England, made it very hard for flesh and blood. His own account of the expedition and its results has appeared in *THE MONTH* for October, November, and December, 1888, and has been reprinted as a separate pamphlet by the Catholic Truth Society.

Sir James lost no opportunity of setting before the British public generally, and English and Irish Catholics especially, his views as to the part that England ought to play in promoting the civilization of the Dark Continent. His letters to the *Tablet* and other Catholic journals, his papers in the *Manchester Guardian*, and his speeches before the Geographical Society, and at public meetings, show how thoroughly the matter had taken possession of his mind. He saw vast populations, subject

to British rule, where Catholic priests and nuns had full liberty and protection to work among them, yet practically left to the mercies of Protestant sects, while vast sums of money, and more precious lives of men, were being lavishly spent in missionary expeditions into the interior, which ended only in disaster. And though he sympathized heartily in Cardinal Lavigerie's efforts to put down African slavery, yet he thought the means proposed were calculated to bring destruction upon all the missions in the interior of the country.

Towards the end of the year 1888, he and Lady Marshall went to Rome, and he obtained introductions which enabled him to set his views distinctly before Propaganda. Monsignor Stonor, now Archbishop of Trebizond, took up the matter warmly, Archbishop Kane and several American bishops used their influence; and there is every prospect of a bishop being at once appointed to preside over the missions on the Gold Coast. Sir James was received by Pope Leo the Thirteenth to a private audience on the 20th of January, when the Holy Father evinced the greatest interest in the cause of African Missions. And, on the 11th of June, His Holiness conferred upon him the honour of Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory. Deeply gratified as he had been at the honours bestowed upon him by the Queen for his services to his country, Sir James valued still more highly this honour bestowed by the Sovereign Pontiff, especially as it was distinctly expressed that it was granted in recognition of his services to the cause of African Missions.

It has sometimes been a reproach to those who have laboured much to propagate the faith among the heathen, that they neglect the masses of their own country, who are sinking into practical heathenism. This reproach cannot be made against the subject of this sketch. Sir James Marshall felt that the most effectual way of combating infidelity and error in this country was through the Press. Hence he threw himself heartily into the work of the Catholic Truth Society, attended regularly the committee meetings, and in order to get the financial arrangements put on a business-like footing, he accepted the office of Treasurer, and spared neither time nor pains to ensure its success.

It might have been hoped that so useful a Catholic gentleman would have been spared for many years more of active work for the Church. But God ordered it differently. He had

a strange presentiment that he would not survive the present year. His father had died at the age of fifty-nine, and Sir James had kept his fifty-ninth birthday in Rome. On Sunday the 4th of August he felt slightly unwell at Margate, where he was staying for the benefit of his youngest child, on Wednesday a medical man was called in, and on Thursday, his inability to throw off a not very severe attack of pneumonia, made his case hopeless. He sent for the Rev. Father Sigebert Sanders, O.S.B., and received the last sacraments with the most edifying devotion, and on Friday received Holy Viaticum again, and the Last Blessing; and then with his mind clear and bright, and even joyous to the last, and with the cross that the Pope had blessed for him for the hour of death in his hand, he sweetly and peacefully gave up his soul, and proved the full reality of his own words, "The gate will be opened to me, and I shall be safe with Jesus and Mary, Angels and Saints, in the bosom of God."

Farewell, but not for ever, brother dear !
Angels to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou liest ;
And Masses on the earth, and prayers in Heaven,
Shall aid thee at the throne of the Most Highest.

Requiescat in pace !

W. R. CANON BROWNLOW.

The Lincoln Case.

THE fixed intervals of monthly publication precluded us from noticing in our August number the stage reached by the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln in the court of the Archbishop of Canterbury on the 23rd and 24th of July. If our object were merely to record news, we should not think of recurring in September to anything so long passed by; but the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln is one of the most important events of our time, its influence on the future of innumerable souls may be extremely great, and, be its termination what it may, it cannot fail to affect the Church of England most seriously; our readers have therefore a right to see it discussed in its successive phases. The commencement of the case, on which we have previously ventured to comment, bore reference solely to the jurisdiction of the Archbishop and to his competence as Judge to try one of his Suffragan Bishops for an alleged breach of ecclesiastical law. That preliminary stage was brought to an end by the judicial declaration of competence by the Archbishop, and his official vindication of his jurisdiction. This declaration was, no doubt, inevitable. If the Archbishop had declared himself incompetent to try the case, such a declaration would have been reversed by the Privy Council, which had already remitted the case to him for trial, and therefore had implicitly held him competent to try it. The Archbishop cannot be anxious to emphasize the fact that his court is officially subordinate to the Queen's Privy Council, and it must have been a relief to him to find that he could uphold a semblance of ecclesiastical authority, by ruling in favour of his own jurisdiction. As we have already pointed out, this decision brings before the English people, and more particularly before the High Church party in the Church of England, the question of the source of that jurisdiction. Those who regard episcopacy as of Divine institution, and have rejected the claim of any one bishop to exercise by Divine

right jurisdiction over other bishops, should surely ask themselves whence the Archbishop of Canterbury derives the jurisdiction he claims over the Bishop of Lincoln; but it is to be feared that those members of the Church of England who refuse to regard the Crown as the source of whatever jurisdiction their Bishops and Archbishops possess, are content to put the question aside as insoluble. In all honesty they ought to see that their ecclesiastical theories are at stake, and that to be unable to give an answer, and to say whence the Archbishop's jurisdiction is derived, is to acknowledge that their inconsistencies are irreconcilable, and their theories falsified. How can they deny that their Archbishops are a survival of a state of things when one Bishop *was* recognized as of Divine right the Superior of all others? The delegated authority is supposed to continue in force, after the repudiation of the supreme authority by which it was constituted. Can any other account of the Archiepiscopal office be given than this, by the light either of dogmatic teaching or of history? The Archbishop is a usurper, or a delegate either of the Pope or of the Crown. Those who are not Erastian enough to draw their spiritual jurisdiction from the Head of the State, should ask the source of the authority claimed by the Archbishop of Canterbury over the Bishop of Lincoln. Granting for argument's sake that the Bishop has by Divine right authority over his diocese, who makes him subject in any sense to the Archbishop of Canterbury? There cannot possibly be any logical position between the submission of all Bishops to the Pope as their divinely-appointed Superior, and the spiritual independence of every Bishop in the world, if there be such a thing as spiritual authority at all.

It does not appear that High Churchmen have put this logically inevitable dilemma to themselves fairly, but they are plainly not without a glimmering sense of its existence and its force. The declaration of the Archbishop's jurisdiction has by no means been received with universal satisfaction. One might have supposed that the assertion of spiritual authority in the highest functionary of the Church of England would have been extremely acceptable to the party that calls itself Catholic. Their dearest interests are now under discussion, and they reckon on no mercy from the Privy Council. They want to undo the work of the Reformation, while the Privy Council's judgments are based on the Acts of Parliament that created the Reformation. It might then have been

expected that the Archbishop's judgment in favour of his own jurisdiction would have been welcomed by them; but clearly it has not been so. They tell us that they are afraid lest the Archbishop should become another Pope. It is curious that they should only now become aware of the danger. An appeal has existed for years from Metropolitans of modern creation in all parts of the world, and the judgments given in Capetown and Sydney and Calcutta can be reversed at Lambeth. Has that been unconsciously done? If the intention was to create an English Pope, this was the right way to go to work. With High Churchmen it could hardly have been confidence in the overruling providence of the British Crown that reconciled them to such a state of things. They have seen Papal powers over Metropolitans attributed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and they have not been shocked. Somehow they were pleased that instead of a Pope by Divine right, they had a Pope of human creation. But that was all for the Colonies, and it was an easy way of extending to them all the blessings of the Mother Church possessed by the mother country. But now all this is changed. A sense of distrust and uneasiness has invaded them. To provide a Pope for the Colonies was convenient, but no one wants a Pope in England. Metropolitans elsewhere may require to be kept in hand, but there should be no interference with a Bishop at home. And so Bishop King himself thinks it necessary to protest against a "mode of procedure, which later history would seem to teach us might be so used as to infringe on the proper liberties of the Episcopate." He courteously warns Archbishop Benson not to try to become a Pope. A needless warning, after all, one would have thought. Men are not fond of surrendering their liberties, and Archbishop Benson has a difficult task before him if, without a Divine commission in his hand, he should try for anything that should resemble what "later history," and earlier history, too, point out to us as the attributes of a real Pope. A Papacy cannot so be created now, against the hatred of usurpation that is and ever has been in the breast of man; and a Papacy never was or could be so created "to infringe on the proper liberties of the Episcopate."

The proceedings in the Archbishop's court on the 23rd of July began with the letter of the Bishop of Lincoln from which we have just made a quotation. It is worthy of a fuller consideration. Its terms are as follows:

My Lord Archbishop,—I appear, by my counsel, in obedience to your Grace's judgment delivered on the 12th of May, in which your Grace has overruled the protest which I felt it my duty to raise with regard to your Grace's jurisdiction over myself as a Suffragan of the Province of Canterbury. While, however, in the interests of peace, and having regard to the difficulties which at this moment encumber the fuller and freer synodical action of the Church, I feel it to be my duty to abstain from questioning the judgment of your Grace, as my Metropolitan, by an application to the civil court for a prohibition, I desire to express my regret that it has been found necessary to adopt the mode of procedure which, notwithstanding the evidence on which your Grace's judgment is based, is, in my humble opinion, less obviously in accordance with the principles and methods of the Primitive Church, and which later history would seem to teach us might be so used as to infringe on the proper liberties of the Episcopate. Moreover, I cannot but consider that the alternative method of procedure in your Grace's court—namely, the trial of a Bishop by the Vicar-General as sole Judge—would be a grave disturbance of ecclesiastical principles. So grave do I consider these dangers to be that, while I submit with full loyalty and devotion to your Grace as my Metropolitan, I am constrained to add that I think it is my duty to reserve such rights as by the laws of the Church may belong to me in common with other Suffragans.

It is not easy to find matter for praise in this letter. It is feeble and poor. The Bishop is not to be blamed, but the Bishop's position. He could not possibly define the terms he uses, as the letter itself shows. He submits with full loyalty to the Archbishop as his Metropolitan, but what that means he does not know. It is his duty to reserve such rights as by the laws of the Church may belong to him in common with other Suffragans, but he has no idea what the rights are which he reserves. No wonder that the Archbishop's comment should be that "so far as the judgment of the court was concerned, it could, as the Bishop of Lincoln knew and understood, have no practical effect."

His original protest had been that the Archbishop had no jurisdiction over him, and that no one could try him but a Provincial Council. This was intelligible; but he now submits to the exercise of a jurisdiction that he once denied, and still meekly calls "less obviously in accordance with the principles and methods of the Primitive Church." How does he account for the change? His first reason for submitting is "in the interests of peace," for which we must suppose he would not be willing to compromise a principle: and his second reason is

because Convocation is "at this moment encumbered," by its need, we imagine, of Royal permission to meet and deliberate, and still more to sit for the first time in its history as a court for the trial of a Bishop, as well as by the legal nullity of its acts apart from the royal confirmation. Convocation was just as much thus "encumbered," when Bishop King declared it to be the only court that had a right to try him, and nothing has happened to hinder "the fuller and freer synodical action of the Church" since that protest was made, to account for the Bishop's submission. For these reasons, he says, he "feels it to be his duty to abstain from questioning the judgment of the Archbishop, as his Metropolitan, by an application to the civil court for a prohibition." If he has no better reasons, it is strange he has not done so: but surely, if he had done so, it would have been still more strange. The afterthought that Convocation is hampered by the power of the Crown, has enabled the Bishop "in the interests of peace" to abstain from bringing his Archbishop and Metropolitan before the Court of Queen's Bench. That he should have dreamt of such a thing shows the elasticity of High Church principles. Can the Bishop of Lincoln find anything like it in the Primitive Church which he invokes? or is this his idea of the Canon Law of the Church before the Reformation? Fancy St. Hugh of Lincoln thinking of such recourse to the Crown to restrain the action of his Archbishop.

The Bishop's letter is curious from another point of view. He is to be tried, but he cannot quite make out by whom. Convocation would be more obviously in accordance with the principles and methods of the Primitive Church, but then its fuller and freer action is at this moment encumbered. To be tried by the Archbishop is less obviously in accordance with the Primitive Church, and besides might be so used as to infringe on the proper liberties of the Episcopate, whatever they may be; so the Bishop desires to express his regret that it has been found necessary to adopt that mode of procedure. But at any rate it is better than that of the trial of a Bishop by the Vicar-General as sole judge. So grave does the Bishop consider these dangers to be—the only danger he has mentioned is that of the Archbishop's becoming Pope—that with full loyalty and devotion to his Metropolitan he submits to the Archbishop's jurisdiction, reserving such rights as by the laws of the Church would belong to him as Suffragan—which rights of course are his, whether he

reserves them or no. And this uncertainty as to the tribunal that can try a Bishop exists in what claims to be a portion of the Visible Church of Christ, wherein the Bishops are neither infallible nor impeccable. The Bishop says, "Convocation it cannot be, the Archbishop I regret it should be, his Vicar-General by no means let it be: but of course I must be tried somehow." Is not that poor and feeble? The pooriness and feebleness evidently come from this, that the Bishop does not know his own mind as to whether he has or has not a Superior upon earth. Who can help pitying a good, amiable, well-meaning man, who is placed in such a wretched position?

We may now remark upon the proceedings in court that followed on the reading of the Bishop's letter by his counsel, Sir Walter Phillimore. The point at issue was no longer whether the court had jurisdiction, though this was re-stated as an objection on the Bishop's behalf, but not pressed. The prosecutors moved for leave to insert the word "minister" after "bishop" in the articles of accusation, though they declared that it made little difference to them, as in their argument on the merits of the case when it comes to be heard they mean to show that the word "minister" includes bishops. The insertion was disallowed by the Archbishop for the excellent reason that if the change was not material, there was no need for it, and if it was material, it would make the articles differ from the citation.

Sir Walter Phillimore then tried to put an end to the case by proving that the Bishop was not triable. The argument was simply this, that a bishop is above the rubric. He is himself the judge in the matter of the rubric, and though it bound those beneath him, it did not bind him. The proof brought was that no bishop had ever been tried for any "ritual deviation" which did not connote heresy or was not grossly unseemly. Assuming then that this was the condition of a bishop before the Reformation, had that condition been changed? "They did not, of course, deny for one moment that the Church might make provision as to ritual which would be binding upon a bishop; still less did they deny [this is noteworthy] that Parliament might make laws for bishops on such matters." In the Ordination Service, for instance, a bishop was bound, but not so in the Communion Service. Out of his own diocese a bishop would be subject to the rubric, but within it he was "left upon honour and subject to his own discretion." If this were

not so, bishops often act illegally by unauthorized services at consecrations of churches, at the admission of readers and deaconesses, and at the induction of clergymen. If bishops were bound by the rubrics, they all were in the habit of violating them with respect to the dress they wore. Custom would not justify bishops in such a breach of the law, for in England no practice had the power of altering the written law: such a custom therefore showed that the bishops had not supposed that they were bound. In the Communion Service the minister and the ordinary were treated as different persons, the one acting, the other directing, the one bound, but not the other. The bishop was like the visitor of a college, interpreting and adjudicating statutes that bound others, but by which he was not bound. This state of things Sir Walter Phillimore traced to the position of a bishop before the Reformation, "which left him free to have any ritual of his own." He argued that a bishop continued to have the same discretion.

Sir Horace Davey's answer was a very simple one, but quite conclusive. "If his friend was right he saw no reason why a bishop, in celebrating Holy Communion, should not introduce the Mass, as far as legal obligations went, nor did he see any reason why, if the temperament and tendency of a bishop's mind was in another direction, he should not introduce the simple ritual in use in the Calvinistic or Presbyterian churches." It might be that in pre-Reformation times a bishop subject to the general ecclesiastical control of the Pope had a certain amount of latitude or indulgence in the mode of celebrating Divine Service, and cathedrals might have their own customs, but on this point a hard, fast and sharp line was to be drawn at the Reformation, because it was then that acts were introduced by the Legislature for securing uniformity of public worship—acts to which they all owed obedience. A bishop was a judge, no doubt, when called on to sit in his own court, but that was no reason why he should not be cited or made amenable to the jurisdiction of the Archbishop. The word "minister" meant the person who was for the time officiating, be he bishop, priest, or deacon, and the rubric that prescribed what the minister should do, equally bound all ranks of the clergy. The bishop in his diocese was a priest in the meaning of the Prayer-Book, as it was acknowledged that he was when officiating in another diocese. He was a priest and something more. It did not follow that because a bishop was free to use services such as the

consecration of a church, for which nothing was prescribed, he might depart from the rubric where there were express provisions in the Prayer-Book for a particular service. There might be no precedent for such a trial as this, but that was no answer to the charge. The Acts of Uniformity of Elizabeth and Charles the Second, made all offences against those Acts ecclesiastical offences cognizable in ecclesiastical courts, and if the charges in the articles were proved to be against the Acts of Uniformity, the Archbishop would be bound to treat them as ecclesiastical offences.

In all this, who can fail to see that Sir Horace Davey had the best of the argument? It is certainly a matter of no great consequence that was then under discussion. It would be no very great gain to the High Church party if a Bishop were declared free to do Catholic things that are forbidden to priests and deacons. Neither is it probable that such an exemption would have been of long continuance. A short Act of Parliament would soon have extended the Acts of Uniformity to bishops, who would then, at all events, have been bound like the rest of the clergy, and the case would have arisen that the Bishop's counsel anticipated when he said that they were ready to obey the Church, and still more ready to obey the State. Some of the arguments put forward by Sir Walter Phillimore hardly seem serious. If a Bishop is interpreter of the rubrics, as a Visitor is interpreter of the statutes of a College, how would it follow that the Bishop was free from the obligation of the rubrics himself? The Visitor is bound by the statutes, though he interprets them; and it would follow from the parallel that the Bishop was bound by the rubrics of which he is the guardian and interpreter. Sir Horace Davey is speaking common sense when he says "that a Bishop being a judge in these matters has rather imposed on him an additional obligation of observing that which the law enacted." If the Bishop of Lincoln's contention were true, he would have, as Judge in his own Consistory Court, to condemn in a priest the very things that he himself habitually practised as Bishop. It is not to be wondered at that the Archbishop's ruling was that "the court finds no reason to hold that when a Bishop ministers in any office prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer, he is not a minister bound to observe the directions given to the minister in the rubric of the said office."

The Bishop of Salisbury, one of the five Episcopal Assessors,

"agreed with the objection," or in other words held that the Bishop was above the rubric. He added no explanation, but a few days afterwards a letter appeared in the newspapers, signed "Christopher Wordsworth, M.A.," who is, we believe, his brother. Their father was the well-known Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, the late Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. King's predecessor. This letter does not profess to speak in the name of the objecting Bishop, but it probably gives the reason for his objection. It starts, as Sir Walter Phillimore did, with the condition of a Bishop before the Reformation, and goes on to argue that though "it would not have been surprising" if that condition had been changed by Act of Parliament, as a matter of fact it has not been changed. This argument may be the ground of Bishop John Wordsworth's objection, but it is of little consequence now that it has been overruled by the Archbishop's judgment. But the pre-Reformation condition of a Bishop is a point of interest, and this is stated by Mr. Wordsworth more forcibly than by Sir Walter Phillimore. He says that "the Reformers were doing their utmost to suppress the variety of 'uses,' in which each Bishop had been almost, if not entirely, absolute." Sir Walter's understatement of this fact betrayed the weakness of his argument. He did not say openly that a Bishop could in old times entirely change the "use" of his church and diocese. If he had so said, he would have proved too much; for if such a power exists in the Bishop of Lincoln, he could at his discretion set aside the Prayer-Book altogether and substitute another service, not only for himself, but for his Cathedral church and for the whole diocese. Sir Walter wanted to show that the Bishop was exempted by the legislator from the force of the law, and to prove that, he was afraid to say that the Bishop himself was the legislator. That position he could not have claimed for the Bishop of Lincoln, and yet his argument was that the *status* of a Bishop in this respect was unaltered.

The ancient position of a Bishop with respect to the Missal and Breviary of his diocese was that of legislator. When St. Augustine came to England, St. Gregory told him to adopt for the use of the English any practice that he saw on his way which appeared to him to be good. This power he does not seem to have used, at any rate as far as the Canon of the Mass is concerned, for that which has come down to us in the Sarum Missal is all but word for word the same as the Roman Canon. St. Osmund collated the traditional Mass-books and settled the

Sarum rite, but his authority did not extend beyond his own diocese, and wherever the Sarum Missal was used, it was in virtue of the authority of the local Bishop. Any Bishop could therefore change it, and thus Bishop Grandisson in the fourteenth century became the author of the Use of Exeter. This power continued in the Bishops of the Catholic Church till it was practically taken away by St. Pius the Fifth, who in July, 1570, approved the reformed Roman Missal, and ordered its use throughout the Latin world, excepting those places where a rite existed with a prescription of two centuries. That exception gives authority to such ancient rites as the Mozarabic at Toledo, the Ambrosian at Milan, and amongst Religious Orders the Dominican, the Carmelite, and the Carthusian. The French local rites in modern times were illegal for two reasons. The dioceses no longer existed in which those rites had had their prescriptive usage, for under Napoleon's Concordat new dioceses were erected throughout France, which were made up of bits of three or four dioceses apiece. And secondly, the Bishops of France had themselves unconsciously destroyed the prescription which authorized the ancient French rites. Each one had altered the Missal and Breviary of his diocese at his discretion, so that the antiquity of the rite was gone. Pius the Ninth had the happiness of seeing one diocese after another in France adopt the Roman rite, and lay aside those usages which were in conflict with the Bull of St. Pius the Fifth. In England no question of the sort could arise, for the Sarum, York, and other English rites were dead. They had died a natural death, in a venerable old age. The Sarum Missal and Breviary can hardly have survived the Marian priests. Those who were educated and ordained abroad, learned to say their Mass and their Office in the Roman way. We know the very date (April, 1577) when the Roman Missal was introduced into Cardinal Allen's great College at Douay. The Sarum Ritual or *Manual*, as it was called, was longer lived. A new edition was brought out for the use of English priests in 1603, the year of Elizabeth's death and James's accession. The reason of this was, however, because the Roman Ritual itself, reformed and approved, appeared in 1614, under Pope Paul the Fifth, long after the Roman Missal and the Roman Breviary.

Before these approbations the Missals, Breviaries and Rituals even at Rome had their authority from tradition and the tacit consent of the Popes; and the power of the Bishop in each diocese, before it was affected by the Bull of St. Pius the Fifth,

was in this matter that of a legislator. This was too much for Sir Walter Phillimore's purpose, and he wisely left undefined and indeterminate that ancient authority to which he referred as still in force in the present Protestant Bishop of Lincoln. And as to Sir Walter's actual argument, there is no reply to Sir Horace Davey's retort, that, if that argument holds, nothing in the law of Church or State prevents the Bishop of Lincoln from singing High Mass in Lincoln Cathedral.

That argument is now in the past. The future is to bring us the trial of the case on its merits, and this the Archbishop tells us will be "after October." Meanwhile the Bishop of Lincoln has done a very honourable thing, and one well worthy of him. As his counsel promised the Bishop of London when the court last met, he has admitted the material facts on which he is to be tried. He will not put his prosecutors to the trouble of proving that on two separate occasions "he celebrated the Holy Communion with two lights on the holy table, which in his judgment are lawful, whether they be required for the purpose of giving light or no: that he added a little water to the wine: that he read the prayer of Consecration with his face to the east, between the people and the holy table, and before the people: that the words, 'O Lamb of God,' &c., were sung with his sanction: that whilst pronouncing the Absolution he made the sign of the cross, looking towards the congregation: that whilst pronouncing the blessing he held his pastoral staff in his left hand and made the sign of the cross with his right: and that after the blessing water was poured into the paten and wine and water into the chalice, and the contents of the paten and the chalice were reverently consumed by him." This, which is called the Bishop's "responsive plea," was filed in the Archbishop's registry on the 13th of August.

As the facts are undisputed, but one thing remains, and that is, that it should be decided whether these practices are lawful in the Church of England. Archbishop Benson is in no enviable position in being obliged, whether he wills it or no, to pass judgment upon them. As far as we are aware he has no precedent to guide him in deciding whether a Bishop can lawfully give his blessing with a pastoral staff in his left hand and with a sign of the cross. An ablution of the paten is a novelty to those, at all events, who are not Anglican Ritualists, and to them it is also a novelty that the ablution of the chalice should come after the Bishop's blessing. Are these eccentricities

introduced that the Lincoln use may not be called Roman? The Archbishop may have no precedent to guide him in deciding whether these practices are breaches of the Acts of Uniformity. But the Privy Council has given judgment, condemning as illegal the lights and the water and the eastward position, and it will be extremely interesting for many besides the parties concerned, to see whether Archbishop Benson will regard himself as bound by those decisions. If he disregards those precedents, and pronounces in favour of the Bishop of Lincoln on those points, an appeal will be carried to the Privy Council, which must be expected to reaffirm its own decisions. The Bishop of Lincoln will not appear in answer to such an appeal, and then the subservience of the Church of England to the State will be once more openly manifested. The power of the law of the land will be called into play to enforce the decisions of the Crown, and High Churchmen must needs submit or practically be driven piecemeal out of the Established Church. Such a proceeding, which will be in the power of those whom Sir Horace Davey represents, will be the prelude of disestablishment. Or, on the other hand, the Archbishop's judgment will be adverse to the Bishop of Lincoln. It will then have been a spiritual court that will have pronounced that sentence; and though obedience to ecclesiastical authority has not been for many years a special characteristic of the High Church party, their continuance in practices condemned in the Church court will, if persisted in, drag the Church of England in two, and be productive of a schism within a schism. The issues are necessarily momentous, be the decision what it may. It may be anticipated that the results of this trial will be greater than those of the Gorham case. It is true that then it was a doctrine on which the whole sacramental system depends that was declared to be an open question in the Church of England. Now also it would seem to bystanders that a doctrine not less solemn is directly involved. Sir Walter Phillimore challenges his opponents "to have the courage of their opinions. They know perfectly well why they are there. It is because they dislike the doctrine which they think these practices involve. Let them attack that; but if the doctrine is lawful, there is no harm in a usage which does not infringe the faith, being adopted by a Bishop at his discretion." The challenge is a fair one, and we shall see later on how it is met; but it must be acknowledged that public attention rests not on the doctrine,

but on the practices, and the public sympathy, which can hardly be thought favourable to the underlying doctrine, is decidedly in favour of the Bishop of Lincoln's being permitted to use whatever ceremonies he pleases. It is in keeping with English opinion in the present latitudinarian days, that doctrine should be thrown into the background, and that uneasiness should exist at the thought of the possible exercise of any ecclesiastical authority that may claim to limit the widest personal liberty in the National Establishment. Independence is the logical meaning of the rejection of a divinely-appointed ecclesiastical superior, and the fear of a new-fangled Pope at Lambeth springs from the thoroughly English and most Protestant desire that every man should do that which is good in his own eyes. How this is to be reconciled with any remains of law and order is the problem that awaits such solution as Archbishop Benson may be able to give it.

JOHN MORRIS

St. Michael, Guardian of Souls.

AMONG all the hosts of angels who stand about the throne of God in Heaven, there are some to whom is entrusted the care and salvation of the inhabitants of earth. Of these not one has so great a claim to the veneration and gratitude of mankind as the leader and chief of the Archangels, St. Michael. It was he, as is well known, who on the revolt of Lucifer, vindicated the supremacy of the Eternal Creator, and in a great intellectual battle defeated the highest created intelligence, expelling him and his rebellious followers from Heaven: it is he who in the celestial temple, stands at the right hand of the altar of incense, having a golden censer, to offer the prayers of all saints upon the throne of God. The cultus of St. Michael dates from the earliest ages; the Jews honoured him as their protector, since, according to Semitic tradition, on the dispersion of the nations after the building of Babel, the Hebrew people was committed to his charge. It was St. Michael who led Israel through the desert; who contended with the devil for the body of Moses, in order to bury it secretly, lest the Jews, by rendering Divine honours to their legislator, should incur the guilt of idolatry. It was St. Michael who intercepted Balaam on his way to curse God's chosen people; who appeared to Josue as the Prince of the Lord's hosts, holding a drawn sword; who exterminated in a single night the vast army of Sennacherib; who showed himself in a vision to Daniel as a figure resplendent with light.

The invocation of St. Michael in the Christian Church naturally originated in the East; it is said to have been adopted by the Oriental Christians in consequence of an apparition of the Archangel at Colossae, when he averted from the city the danger of inundation. This led to special honours being paid to him by the inhabitants, and may perhaps have occasioned the warning addressed to them by St. Paul in his Epistle, not to place any created being visible or

invisible on a par with Christ, for He is before all, and by Him all things consist.¹ At any rate the devotion can be traced back as far as the time of Constantine, the new metropolis being placed under his protection, and a magnificent church dedicated to him. In Bithynia he is said to have been invoked in the time of Diocletian; Justinian erected six basilicas in his honour, and the apparition on the Monte Gargano, when he obtained the victory for the Christians over the barbarians, did much to increase his popularity. St. Michael was also seen by Pope Gregory the Great in the sixth century, when Rome was nearly depopulated by pestilence, standing on what is now the Fort St. Angelo; the Archangel was in the act of sheathing his sword, and from that moment the plague ceased. A fourth apparition in which he showed himself to be the protector of Christians was in 706, when he appeared to the Bishop of Avranches, bidding him build a church on the summit of Monte Tumba, now Mont St. Michel, under the title of *periculum maris*; after which many wonderful escapes from drowning on that dangerous coast were recorded.

There are few cities of any antiquity in Christendom which do not possess a church dedicated to him, and it early became customary among the Latins, and somewhat later among the Greeks, to place altars consecrated to St. Michael and the other archangels, in the upper part of the towers flanking the western portal of abbatial and other churches. The original plan of the Abbey of St. Gall, for instance, had two round towers, in the northernmost of which the legend is read: *Altare sancti Michaelis in summitate*; in the other, *Altare sancti Gabrielis Archangeli in fastigio*. Also in the Monastery of Mount Athos altars to the Archangels, the princes of the powers of the air, were placed in the uppermost storey of the towers. This custom was probably to carry out the symbolism of monastic institutions, for the Archangels were considered as the defenders of mankind, and the primary purpose of these towers was to serve as places of refuge in storms and other dangers, as well as watch-towers and means of defence. The most ancient churches were built without them like the Roman basilicas, but when hostile bands of Normans and Saracens ravaged the country, fortifications became necessary, especially in the case of monastic houses. Nothing justifies the belief that church towers were originally

¹ Col. i. 17.

destined for campaniles ; the use of bells for religious ceremonies was not introduced until a subsequent period, and then at first a separate construction of woodwork was made or a small isolated tower erected to receive them.

Gradually we find the devotion to the other archangels in connection with towers, always subservient to that of St. Michael, entirely superseded by it, the massive single tower frequently attached to abbatial buildings in the eleventh century being always dedicated to him. In some of the old annals and records of monasterial uses it is stated that on St. Michael's day Mass was said at an early hour at his altar in the great tower, and after High Mass the same altar was incensed. *Incensabunt altare B. Michaelis in magna turri.* In the Norman period the abbey and parochial churches, in France more especially, had towers at the western end of unequal size and different form, even Gothic cathedrals not being exempt from this peculiarity—one which interfered greatly with the symmetry of the whole building—and in this case the principal and more ornate adjunct received the name of St. Michael. The chapel, too, instead of being at the summit, began to be placed in the first storey, or on the ground ; the reason for this change may be found in the fact that the *parvis* or court in the base of the tower was used as a cemetery. In the first ages of the Church, desirous though the Christians naturally were to secure a place where to bury their dead without fear of interference or molestation, it was not within their power to transgress the laws of the Empire which forbade interment within the walls of cities ; but after the conversion of Constantine, the old Jewish and Roman custom of extra-mural interment fell into disuse, and the Christians availed themselves of the liberty thus afforded them to bury within their basilicas. This however was a distinction reserved for persons of the highest rank or pre-eminent sanctity ; in the case of ordinary persons the long approaches which until the thirteenth century invariably preceded the nave of both conventual and parochial churches were used for the purpose of sepulture, a vault being constructed beneath them, like that of St. Praxedes in Rome. In these vestibules or closed porches therefore, or in the space enclosed by the western tower, which in many instances served as baptistery as well as cemetery, and also for a place where possessed persons underwent exorcism, an altar to St. Michael was almost invariably raised, since at all times and in all lands

it was formerly the custom to dedicate to him the great majority of burying-places. Ancient chroniclers state this to have been the usage in all abbeys of the Order of Cluny; special mention is made of the consecration to St. Michael of the *Rundenkirche* of Fulda, the Brothers' burying-ground, as also of the chapel built by Archbishop Algar at Bremen, wherein he and his successors were interred. Sometimes, too, cemeteries were designated by the name of *Michaelida*, thus forcibly recalling the fact that our obligation to the glorious Archangel, our need of his protection, does not terminate with our life, but extends beyond the grave.

The Jews, only the most enlightened of whom had any firm belief in a future life, beheld in St. Michael only a celestial warrior, the champion of the interests of Jehovah, whose duty it was to watch over and protect the chosen people; but from the earliest ages of Christianity his two-fold character of Angel of Power and Angel of Judgment, his two-fold office of Leader of the heavenly hosts, *primatus cælestis exercitus*, and Prince of the elect, the guardian and receiver of souls, *Princeps ecclesiæ custos et susceptor animarum*, has been duly recognized. Into his custody and care we believe that the souls of the just are committed when liberated from the body, to be introduced by him after the Judgment into the abode of bliss. To his charge the immaculate soul of our Lady was confided during the short period which elapsed before its reunion to her body. Gregory of Tours speaks of a maiden whose soul the Archangel Michael was seen to receive and conduct to Heaven. Cæsar of Heisterbach in his annals makes the devil confess that he was driven away on the demise of a certain abbess, by St. Michael armed with a lance; and again in connection with the death of a nun, he speaks of the love and reverence due to him as one who has charge of men's souls. The liturgies of the Church bring the same thought before us; in the commendatory prayer for the departed it is said, "Let St. Michael, the Archangel of God, Prince of the armies of Heaven, receive him and conduct him to the city of the Heavenly Jerusalem." In the Mass for the Dead, also, the words occur: "Let the standard-bearer St. Michael bring them to that holy light."

The idea that the judgment of souls was attended and presided over by St. Michael finds constant expression in both ancient Christian and medieval art. In modern times the

representation of the Archangel as a young and beautiful warrior clad in armour, trampling under foot the devil under the form of a dragon-like or half-human monster—not always to be easily distinguished from our own St. George—is perhaps more familiar to us ; but in the ages of faith, when men realized more fully the solemn account to be rendered after death, St. Michael was portrayed not less, perchance even more frequently holding the scales than wielding the sword. In his terrible balance which decides their fate for eternity he weighs the souls of men ; evil angels are generally present endeavouring to influence the scales, or contending for the souls contained in them. Sometimes we see a human form in either scale ; more often on one side a company of five or six souls—tiny nude figures—kneel awaiting their doom, while on the opposite scale several demons are seated, others hanging on to, or attempting to hook down, the ascending scale. In some instances, instead of figures in each scale, there are weights in the one ; this reminds us of the Cologne burgher in the twelfth or thirteenth century, of whom it is recorded that he gave huge blocks of stone for the foundation of the Church of the Apostles, in order that when his soul should be weighed, the stones might bear down the balance.

In the scales which occasionally, though rarely, figure upon early Christian sepulchres some antiquaries behold the symbol of judgment, of weighing souls. Others connect it with the agreement made between the purchaser of the tomb and the *fossors*, the acquisition *per aes et libram*. In ancient British monuments the same subject frequently recurs, witness the sculptured crosses of Scotland and Ireland, amongst which that of Monasterboice, of the tenth century, is a good specimen. It represents St. Michael of gigantic stature holding a staff and balances, in the scale nearest him is a small human being, while a prostrate devil drags at the other scale. The weighing of souls was also a favourite subject in medieval art ; in the Last Judgment in the Church of our Lady at Dantzic, a *chef-d'œuvre* of the early German school, St. Michael stands in the strength of his youth, a glorious figure, the light of Heaven glancing on his golden armour and starry wings ; he holds the balance of justice, the scale wherein are the good touches the ground, but that containing those that are found wanting mounts into the air. A marked similarity cannot fail to be noticed between these Christian representations and the wall-paintings of the Egyptian

tombs, where Anubis is seen to stand before the judge with a pair of scales in which souls are weighed against an image of the god of truth, whilst Thoth—Thoth the ibis-headed, who aids Horus the ruler in his conflict with Seth, the embodiment of evil—records on a tablet the judgment of the dead, and ushers the just into the abode of bliss, the presence of Osiris. The Egyptian deity is thus a counterpart of St. Michael, whose office it is, when the doom of the soul is favourably decided, to conduct it to the portals of Paradise, usually depicted as lofty Gothic towers with galleries of singing angels. A quaint sepulchral monument in Ely Cathedral portrays a soul being tenderly carried up to Heaven in a fold of the Archangel's garment, and also on a bas-relief at Arles, he is seen conveying a tiny figure to St. Peter to be admitted into the Heavenly Jerusalem.

In St. Michael therefore we revere the conqueror of the spirits of Hell, the Prince and the Protector of the Church Militant, the receiver and guardian of souls. Let us intreat him in the words of the Church to defend us, not only *in prælio*, in the continual warfare of man's earthly existence, but also *in tremendo judicio*, in the awful Judgment that awaits him on his passage from time to eternity. *Princeps gloriosissime, Michael archangele, esto memor nostri; hic et ubique semper precare pro nobis Filium Dei.*

The Contents of a Pre-Adamite Skull.

AMONG the valuable curiosities gathered together by the celebrated Dr. Lemuel Gulliver in the course of his extensive travels, not the least remarkable was a certain skull, concerning which that gentleman always observed an economy of the strictest silence, even with his most intimate and cherished friends. On inspection, the upper part seemed to be in a perfect state of preservation, while the lower appeared to have been solidified by some fossilizing process into one continuous mass, so as to obliterate all traces of the jaws and mouth.

The relic passed down through four generations in the Gulliver family; but it was only the other day that the mystery connected with it was solved by a mere accident. A well-known scientific celebrity, while engaged in a minute examination of the specimen, unfortunately, or rather, fortunately, let it slip from his hands on to the ground, in consequence of which a large portion of the crown (which had evidently at some time been skilfully removed and carefully cemented into its place again) dropped out, and disclosed a cavity dexterously filled up with small packages or rolls of blue paper. These, being unfolded, revealed a precious manuscript, still perfectly legible, though written with marvellously close and minute characters, and containing as extraordinary a revelation as ever yet proceeded from a cracked skull.

The discovery, it is needless to remark, has created a great stir among those who are interested in the advancement of truth and knowledge; and it is pleasant to find that all the most skilful critics are perfectly unanimous as to the authenticity of the MS. Indeed it could hardly be otherwise, for apart from extrinsic evidence, which is simply insuperable; to those who are familiar with Dr. Gulliver's writings, the frankness, simplicity, and modesty of the style, the sober, unvarnished, and sometimes homely diction, the scrupulous horror of exaggeration and fearless devotion to the truth, all bear testimony

which nothing short of historical Pyrrhonism could refuse to accept.

Its authenticity thus established, those who know the author's character can have no possible doubt as to the strict accuracy of everything therein recorded. If I might hazard a conjecture as to why the great traveller, in this particular case, broke through his ordinary rule, and thus hid his candle under a bushel ; I fancy it may be, that wearied and disgusted by the envious carping criticism which he had to encounter with regard to his previous discoveries and narrations, he resolved no longer to cast his pearls before swine, and so hid away this his greatest light from a thankless generation, to shine forth on a more appreciative and less sceptical posterity. For so it ever is with the truly great and good in this thankless world ; their guerdon is but bitterness and sorrow ; nor are their living eyes ever gladdened by that halo of glory, which only gathers round their memory long years after their broken hearts have been stilled in death.

Be this as it may, I now proceed to give a very brief epitome of the contents of this document. The prolixity of the old-fashioned style prevents me from quoting the author's own words as much as I should wish ; however, as the MS. will shortly become public property, there may not be so much to regret on this score.

The author having explained the motives which induced him to brave once more the perils of a long sea-voyage, namely, the strong desire he had to pass the few years that might be left to him among the virtuous and cultured Houynnhym¹, were it in ever so humble a capacity, proceeds at once to detail how the vessel, after a fair and prosperous sail of many weeks, was at last overtaken by a violent tornado, dismantled, wrecked, and driven on a rocky shore in the Pacific Ocean, lat. 42 S. long. 136 W., or about midway between New Zealand and South America ; how the crew, contrary to his advice, crowding into the little boats, were upset, and perished in the angry surf ; how he himself remained clinging to a rock all night, how at day-break, the storm abating as suddenly as it had arisen, he struck out for land through the now calm and tranquil waters.

"Having knelt down and thanked Providence for my marvellous deliverance," says this eminently pious gentleman, "my next thought was to secure food and shelter as speedily as

¹ This shows that the MS. cannot be earlier than 1721 A.D.

might be, and albeit sorely fatigued, I straightway pressed on toward the summit of one of the richly-wooded hills which surrounded the little bay where I had come to land, that I might be enabled to see what manner of country lay on the other side. I very soon found wherewithal to allay my present need in the luscious fruits and the clear spring water, which Nature there supplied with lavish hand ; and after three or four hours' walking, I found myself looking down on a fertile and well-cultivated plain, stretching away for miles towards the horizon ; while crowning a low hill about twenty miles to the north-east, I beheld what appeared, even at that distance, to be a fair and stately city.

"Rejoicing to find that I had fallen among civilized, and possibly Christian folk, I pressed on steadily in that direction, and soon found myself on what was evidently a high-road leading to the capital. Among the natural objects which I met with on my way, there was nothing altogether unfamiliar to me, save certain monstrous flies, in appearance not unlike small winged lobsters, which worried me all day by their disagreeable buzzing noise, and towards evening seemed to develop a very strange affection for me, which they evinced by charging with no slight impetus against the pit of my stomach, in such a way as fairly to deprive me of my breath.

"It was towards sunset, being yet about a mile from the city, that I at length beheld one of the inhabitants a short way in front of me, going in the same direction as myself. From the nature of his garments I could gather nothing beyond the certainty that he belonged to no nationality that I had yet fallen in with in the course of my travels. As soon as I was near enough I called out to him ; but he gave no sign of having heard ; again I cried, and again, each time running up closer to him, but with no result. Presuming the man to be deaf, I ran right up to him, and plucked his garments, and he turned round with a start. Our eyes met, and in that same instant we both fled horror-stricken in opposite directions. The cause of *his* terror was as yet unknown to me ; but in that brief glance I saw that the lower part of his face was a perfect blank, unrelieved by the slightest trace of a mouth, and that the absence of both ears added still further to the dreadful monotony of his expression."

He goes on to tell us, that as soon as curiosity got the

better of horror, he paused, and on looking back, he perceived that the head of this individual, who had also come to a standstill, seemed to be bristling all over with writhing snakes like a very Medusa. "I was beginning to fear," he says, "that my late perils and anxieties had disordered my brain, when lo! a great trampling of feet, and crowds of men came pouring out of the gate of the city, and rushing in my direction. It seemed perfectly plain that I was the object of their pursuit, and without pausing to consider how they had been apprized of my approach, or why they should be so interested in my capture, I turned tail and fled, as many a braver man hath done in less urgent peril." Breaking off the high-road, he succeeds in hiding himself among some brushwood, hoping to continue his flight under cover of the coming darkness; but alas! long after the sun has gone down, he hears the footsteps of his pursuers, who, unaided by lanterns or torches, carry on their search with a terribly business-like silence. And now one of them seems to be within arm's-length of his hiding-place, and crouching down with bated breath, Dr. Gulliver is flattering himself that in keeping perfectly still he has nothing to fear; when he is conscious, all at once, of an iron grasp laid upon his shoulders as accurately as if the deed had been done in the full light of day. Strange, stern, self-possessed men! No sound, no shout of triumph; but summoned as it were by some instinct, the silent multitude of seekers gather round their prey in the dark.

Half dead with terror, and feeling that it would be a relief to be killed and eaten on the spot, he is carried bodily to the city, where profound darkness and the same deathlike silence prevails around. At last he finds himself tied hand and foot, and without any further ill-usage, laid to rest on a by no means uncomfortable couch, and there left alone.

"In this position," says he, "I remained undisturbed, though far too excited to close an eye. I could hear the sound of heavy breathing on all sides, from which I judged that I must be in some kind of dormitory, or general sleeping-room. I was also still pestered by the loud buzzing and periodic onslaughts of the lobster-flies, as I may call them, with which the chamber seemed to be infested; and occasionally I heard a sharp snapping sound, as it were of a rat-trap; but these last two sources of annoyance gradually died away as the night advanced, until at length gentle sleep brought my weary senses into welcome captivity. When I opened my eyes the next morning, it was

only to swoon away at once, for I found my bed surrounded by six or seven mouthless monsters, their heads swarming with snakes writhing and wriggling unceasingly."

It was only after many such relapses that the good doctor became sufficiently accustomed to his awful surroundings to be able to sustain consciousness. He persuaded himself that either he was the victim of insanity, or else had passed into the nether world to pay the penalty of deeds committed in the flesh; neither conclusion being very satisfactory or agreeable. However, he became more reassured on observing that, not only was no immediate injury to him contemplated, but that as far as *eyes* could speak, their feelings towards him were those of kindly interest, albeit not unmixed with disgust. He was also slightly relieved to find that what appeared to be snakes were only long tentacles of some description, with which their heads were furnished, seven on each side, springing from where our ears are situated. They were of a delicate, almost translucent substance, the length of each being about thirty inches, and the diameter about one-third of an inch. They could be withdrawn singly or together, like the horns of a snail, so as to be completely invisible, and were furnished each at its extremity with what seemed like a small phosphorescent eye, not as large as a pea, which could be overlapped and protected by such a lid or lip as we see at the end of an elephant's proboscis.

"Being now sufficiently reconciled to my situation to be able to attend to the pangs of hunger, I had recourse to that eloquent gesture which is accepted and understood by all races throughout the world—that is to say, I pointed to my mouth, and began working my jaws voraciously. They seemed puzzled, and not a little disgusted, and brought all their tentacles to converge in the direction of my moving lips. This failing, I bethought me of pressing my hand to my stomach with a mournful and dolorous expression of countenance, whereupon they proceeded, in spite of my protestations, to unbutton my vest and shirt, evidently supposing that I had received some injury in that region, but no sooner had they done so, than they fell back with signs of the utmost astonishment and dismay. This was followed by a great deal of gesticulation and energetic writhing of tentacles, the upshot of which was that one of them, having adroitly captured a small lobster-fly, and torn it somewhat ruthlessly in two, forthwith crammed one of the halves into my mouth before I well knew where I was. Of all the rancid, putrid,

abominable greasy morsels——” And here the doctor goes on to describe in his own homely way how he became ill, and in what manner.

Seeing this fare was not to his taste, they brought him live rats and mice, small birds, hay, roots, and herbs, and from among these last, with hunger for sauce, he was enabled to find relief for his present need. While he was engaged in eating the bystanders all shut their eyes, and drew in their tentacles, apparently regarding his action as unseemly and indecent.

“This ended ; my captors loosed my bonds, and signed to me to accompany them. I then saw, for the first time, that the chamber where all this took place presented much the appearance of a long hospital-ward, in which beds were ranged down on either side, separated from one another by partitions. Some of them were still tenanted by sleepers, all breathing heavily through their nostrils, but most of them were empty. The walls were decorated with many beautiful paintings, landscapes, and portraits, the latter always representing mouthless men, with their tentacles in some amazingly complicated attitude. There were also other decorations of a nature quite inexplicable to me. In the adjacent room, which was even more spacious, a very curious scene was going on. Round a long table, some twenty or thirty of these creatures were seated ; none of whom seemed to possess, or at least to make use of the usual tentacles, save one who seemed to hold the place of instructor to the rest. They were all assiduously engaged in copying down on writing-tablets, by various curves and lines, the complicated signals indicated to them by their more richly-gifted pedagogue. Whenever anything had to be explained or corrected, it was done by means of gestures so graphic that I had no difficulty in following them. I was now directed to take my seat at this table, and provided with a writing-tablet like the rest.”

We cannot afford to follow Dr. Gulliver step by step through the difficulties of his first few weeks among these strange people ; but must at once anticipate the result of his studies and observations, so far as is needful to explain what has gone before. In brief then, the few surviving pre-Adamites who inhabit this beautiful country, though gifted like ourselves with the senses of sight and touch, are devoid of the faculties of hearing, tasting, and smelling, a loss which is superabundantly atoned for by the possession of another sense which for lack of any fairly analogous

term we must be content to call *perception*, which word, with corresponding verb "to perceive," we shall henceforth use in this specialized sense. To convey any adequate notion of this peculiar sensation is of course impossible; just as it is impossible for one born blind to gain an adequate notion of what is meant by sight and colour, by analogy from the senses of hearing and touch; yet since there are certain notions analogously common to all the "mechanical" senses, it is just possible, to a limited extent, to express the sensations of one class in terms of those of another; and so far, and no further, can we venture on a description of this strange sense of *perception*. In point of excellence and utility this sense is as much above sight, as sight is above touch. Its organs are the phosphorescent sphericles in which the tentacles terminate. Like sight and hearing it belongs to the class of "mechanical" sensations, its excitant cause being the vibrations of a medium as much more subtle than æther, as æther is than air, or air than water or earth. As light finds its natural origin in the sun, so the primary source of *these* vibrations is an enormous body whose distance from the earth is almost inconceivable, and round which the sun is revolving together with all the whole galaxies of stars visible to us, and many others.

This body, though of course perfectly *invisible* by reason of its distance, is not only *perceptible* to this sense of perception, but so intensely, that no tentacle can be directed towards it for an instant without suffering acute agony; and often total disablement. It is apparently vertical at the South Pole at present, and will remain so, no doubt, for countless millions of years, until the solar system shall have traversed half its orbit round it, which orbit is in a plane at right angles to that of the earth round the sun. A consequence of this is, that at present the northern hemisphere is, as it were, *in the dark* with respect to this sense of perception. Night and day, summer and winter, can make no difference in its regard. The vibrations by which this sense of perception is excited vary, in point of rapidity, from 11,000 billions to 176,000 billions per sec., or, to use the phraseology of sound, give a range of four octaves of *perceptibility*, which include nearly fifty elementary perceptions as specifically distinct as the colours of the spectrum, and these combine into an almost endless variety of compound effects. These vibrations are propagated through space with a velocity 4,721 times as great as that of light, and from these data any

one who feels so disposed can easily calculate the lengths of the several waves. They can be reflected, absorbed, or transmitted in various degrees by every known substance; disturbances in the luminiferous ether and in the air, which elude sight and hearing, are easy and constant objects of *perception*, much as by artificial contrivances, sonorous vibrations can be made objects of *vision* with us. Millions of stars which to us are *invisible*, either by reason of their distance, or on account of their non-luminous character, are objects of contemplation and wonder to these people by day, no less than by night. There are many substances whose phenomena appeal to this sense alone, and so are quite unknown to us; while many that in our eyes are quite indistinguishable, by the aid of this faculty are known to be specifically different; differing indeed as much as the front and back of an engraving on paper, which however unlike in appearance, would be quite indistinguishable to the sense of touch alone.

As many of the sweetest songsters of the wood are those whose plumage is the plainest; and as many of the most gaily-painted flowers are those which are devoid of fragrance, or even positively disagreeable to smell; so, with this sense of *perception*, the order of æsthetic excellence among natural objects is much altered, and the last are often the first and the first last. Like the sense of sight, that of *perception* has its immediate object extended in two dimensions, and so can discern plane figures and outlines, only in much greater detail owing to the exceeding fineness of the retinal fibres which receive the impressions.

The effect of this in terms of sight, is microscopic with respect to near objects, telescopic with regard to those distant. As the chameleon has the power of changing the colour of its skin, so by a voluntary act each tentacle could change its *perceptibility* through the whole length of its surface so as to reflect any one or more of the elementary components; besides this, each could assume an almost infinite variety of twists and curves. With so flexible a medium of expression, it will be easily seen that as far as language is concerned, these people could well dispense with ears and tongues. By one single combination of curves and *perceptibilities* they could express instantly what would cost us a weary half-hour's talking, with the surprising advantage of being understood at a distance of many miles by any one whose tentacles happened to be focussed upon them.

The mouth thus ceasing to be the organ of utterance, and being merely required for the vegetable function of nutrition, is deservedly removed from its dignified position in the centre of the countenance, its place being supplied by an aperture just below the chest, opening directly into the stomach. During sleep, this aperture opens spontaneously, and the aforementioned lobster-flies, impelled by a strong natural instinct, esconce themselves comfortably within these inviting cavities, which closing with a sudden snap, in virtue of a reflex automatic movement, convert their resting-place into their death-bed and sepulchre. As the sense of *taste* is absent, there is no pleasure connected with the process of nutrition; indeed, these people look upon this unfortunate necessity of our animal nature, as somewhat degrading and shameful, and never make any allusion to it in polite society. Being thus delivered from one of the principal cares of *our* life, they have abundant leisure to devote to fine arts, science, philosophy, and other delightful occupations. From this it is not to be concluded that they are exempt from all the other passions and propensities, diseases and sufferings to which we are incident, as though they were denizens of some earthly paradise. Far from it; and one of their commonest afflictions is the total deprivation of the sense of *perception* owing to congenital paralysis, lesions, and many other causes; the organs being so delicately sympathetic, that an injury received by one, usually communicates disorder to all the rest.

For those who are so afflicted, they have asylums where they are taught a sign-language which addresses itself wholly to the eye; being comprised of manual gestures and a kind of script or shorthand, whereby they can imitate rapidly on a writing-tablet, the various figures which can be assumed by the tentacles of the normally-gifted pre-Adamite. Quite independently of their varied appeals to the sense of *perception*, the number and flexibility of these members make such a valuable addition to the hands and fingers as a sign-medium, that ideas could be exchanged among these mutilated pre-Adamites far more rapidly and accurately than among ourselves; and this Dr. Gulliver soon came to know by experience, for it was to such an asylum that his captors had assigned him, in order that he might learn this language and give an account of himself and his nature as soon as possible.

We can now understand the deafness as well as extra-

ordinary appearance and behaviour of the first pre-Adamite to whom we were introduced ; the speed with which the news of Gulliver's appearance was communicated to the city, the silence of his pursuers, the vainness of his attempt to conceal himself in the dark, the perfect darkness and silence of the city, the obtrusive attentions of the lobster-flies on the first night, the strange snapping noises ceasing towards morning, the dismay and disgust caused by the discovery that the aperture in the middle of his face was actually his mouth, the nature of the domicile in which he found himself, and of the scholastic pursuits at which we left him seated.

"In a very short time," he writes, "thanks to my good memory and the consummate skill of my instructors, I found myself very ready in this fashion of conversing, so that these writhing tentacles, which at first had filled me with so much horror, by association with the beautiful thoughts and emotions of which they were the medium of expression, became radiant with intelligence, and far more eloquent, to my mind, than the curvings of our Adamite lips, whether to show forth scorn, indignation, compassion, agitation, surprise, or any other mental state." Nothing pleased or surprised my new friends more than to learn that my ears, and consequently those of the lower animals, were not, as they had always thought, merely ornamental appendages, but a seat of, to them, unknown sense. The possibility of such a thing had been a matter of no little wrangling among their philosophers, many of whom argued that the pre-Adamite, being the highest among animals, must be possessed of all that is possible in the way of sense perfection, and that those who thought otherwise were either fools or knaves, or both ; while others urged that as the gift of reason supplied in an eminent way for the lack of many useful instincts with which the lower animals were certainly endowed, so it might render the possession of other senses unnecessary ; that man was plainly inferior to other animals in bulk, strength, speech, and longevity ; that he could neither fly nor swim ; that he was born without any clothes on him ; that their adversaries were obstructors of scientific progress, and so forth. They had often marvelled how it happened that animals not gifted with sense of *perception*, which they had, seemed in some way to be conscious of sonorous air vibrations, and even to use them as a means of communication ; and had attributed this, either to an instinct or pre-established harmony,

or else to an extreme delicacy of the sense of touch. I could not help reflecting how much that appears mysterious to us in the conduct of ants, bees, and butterflies, in the apparently keen sight of birds of prey, and no less keen scent of beasts of prey, how much in fact that we explain away as instinct, may be due to the possession of senses we know nothing about. These same sonorous air vibrations, as produced by the songs of birds and other natural causes, being as it were *seen* by the sense of *perception*, had always been an object of observation and æsthetic delight to them, and had also furnished the basis of science in which their laws of combination and harmony had been studied and formulated by mathematicians. They had representations of almost every class of musical instrument amongst them, besides a system of musical notation and many composers of eminence. I found it impossible to *realize* that the same harmonies with which my ears were ravished, whether when present at their instrumental concerts, or in the groves and woods where birds innumerable poured forth an unceasing flood of melody, were to them a source of pleasure, keen indeed, but of a purely intellectual or rather mathematical character; and that amidst all the clamour of nature they lived in a world as silent as the grave. In like manner the vibrations of the luminiferous ether were *perceptible* to them, quite independently of *vision*, so that with their eyes shut they could infer which colour an object ought to present to the sense of sight; a landscape so *perceived* differing as much from the same landscape as *seen*, as an etching in pencil from a picture in water-colours. I found it impossible to convey to them any notion whatever of the chemical senses of taste and smell; the latter, they remarked, seemed to be a source of a great deal more pain than pleasure, for in truth I had frequently to hold my nose in passing through the streets of the city, which in consequence of the absence of this faculty in its inhabitants were in a very unsavoury condition. They thought it strange that Nature had provided no other expedient for averting the senses of hearing and smell from disagreeable objects, save that of stuffing the fingers into the ear in one case, and clutching hold of the nose in the other.

With so enormously extended a field for the observation of natural phenomena, it may well be imagined that these pre-Adamites were a full thousand years ahead of us in scientific matters; and that Dr. Gulliver, who had a great repute in these

matters in his own country, found himself like a savage or a little child in comparison with them. Nevertheless they differed singularly from our own men of science, in setting comparatively little store by such knowledge. They used to say that a little knowledge about great things was better than much knowledge about little things, and that all concerning phenomenal nature and her laws was trivial, when contrasted with the importance of forming some notion, however inadequate and feeble, of the *A* and *Ω*, the First Efficient Cause and that "last far off, divine event to which the whole creation moves." The knowledge of intermediary causes, they said, could never rest the mind, and was only worth having so far as leading upwards to something better. Nor did they for a moment imagine, as we are apt to do, that their knowledge of the material world was more than a drop in the ocean of what was possible. They held, what is after all more reasonable, that as we cannot tell how infinitesimal a corner of space it is which comes within the range of our present senses, so neither can we divine how small a fraction of the physical world actually in contact with us, is revealed to us by those few feeble senses which we happen to possess. Further, they said it was impossible ever to tell what proportion the physical universe bore to the rest of creation.

A belief in the existence and unity of God was universal amongst them, and was regarded by them as one of the most elementary and obvious conclusions of reason. Their arguments were substantially the same as our own, save that the proof from design, which is the one most generally effective and tending more especially to steady the imagination, had in their case a much wider basis; yet even amongst those who were deprived of the sense of *perception*, scepticism as to this point was regarded as a symptom of softening of the brain. They even maintained that, assisted by the sense of touch alone, reason could absolutely rise to this conclusion, though hardly in a lifetime, without the aid of education. God is recognized as pervading nature most intimately, and yet transcending it; the First Cause of everything positive, be it substance, activity or action, yet in nearly all things using the instrumentality of a hierarchy of secondary causes, chief among whom were intelligences, to whom they ascribed all rational effects in the irrational world. As to the ultimate constitution of matter, they were as ignorant as ourselves, but they regarded it chiefly as the principle of extension and mobility, *i.e.*, of space and

time. They conceived that no created intellect could analyze that Simple Perfection which is the First Being, nor even any of the finite perfections eminently contained therein, save that it were in some way multiplied, extended, and unfolded before the mind,—just as we may loosely imagine the form and beauty of the flower, and the whole series of changes which constitute its life and growth, to be hidden in the seed in all their perfection, and an object of admiration to the eyes of angels, but needing to be embodied in matter and unfolded step by step, in order to speak to our dull senses. Thus they regarded phenomenal nature as the natural word of God to His rational creatures.

We indeed, with our anthropomorphic ideas, are apt to imagine that it is more *natural* for God to speak to us in those conventional signs which we use ourselves, and that His works and deeds speak to us, as it were, by a sort of pantomime or dumb-show ; but they, on the contrary, found it hard to imagine that He should condescend to speak in any other way. Since God chiefly designed to manifest Himself through nature, as Good, Wise, and Powerful, and as no finite intelligence can appreciate these excellencies except as a set-off against their contraries, they were not scandalized in finding much evil, disorder, and infirmity in creatures, and especially honoured God in this, that out of evil He drew good ; out of disorder, harmony ; and out of infirmity, strength. Their thorough appreciation of the limits of their knowledge of nature made it very easy for them to allow the possibility of many things contrary to expectations based on so partial a view ; they saw that the adequate understanding of any part would demand a comprehension of the whole scheme, not only in itself, but as to its origin and end ; and they esteemed it a mark of narrow-mindedness to manifest impatience in the face of such difficulties, or to throw doubt upon what was evident to reason, on account of anything that was not evidently opposed to it. Thus, whenever anything appeared contrary to the Wisdom, Goodness, or Power of God, so abundantly evident on all sides, they at once supposed that the error lay in their own partial estimation of the facts, or in their feeble notions of goodness, wisdom, and power ; always steadily maintaining that divine excellence must be immeasurably greater than we can conceive. That God should have created an entirely irrational universe, without any creature capable of knowledge and praise, seemed to them, consistently with their views on matter, to be as

absurd as that one should speak to the air, or make a revelation to nobody; nor could they allow the smallest particle or slightest event in inanimate nature which was not destined to return to God through its recognition by some created mind. They thought it probable that even *as a whole* the universe must be designed for the contemplation of some created intelligence or intelligences; and this, in its dynamical, no less than in its statical entirety—*i.e.*, as a consecutive series of events, no less than as a hierarchy of graduated co-existences; “for,” said they, “if there is unity among its parts, then it is an expression or revelation of *one* idea; but God has no need to reveal His own ideas to Himself, therefore it must be for the sake of some intelligence, not Himself.” That the world was created for man, in the sense that every whole may be said to exist in a secondary manner for the sake of its parts, they allowed, and also that each one’s *relative* world, namely, that part of nature with which he comes in contact in the course of his existence, is intended for his contemplation and use.

As their historical records extended back for only 47,000 years, they had no certain knowledge as to the origin of their race, nor had they any satisfactory theory as to its ultimate destiny upon earth. They were rather inclined to hold evolutionary views as to the origin of their body, but had no doubt as to the creation and immortality of each individual soul. Their one idea of this mortal life was that of a state of probation, though they were uncertain as to whether it was the only stage, or the first stage of a series of trials. Also, they agreed that the state of the will after probation would be permanent, for better or worse. They seemed to realize these ideas much more vividly than we—time, to them, being but a preface to eternity; eternity, to us, being but an appendix to time. God, they conceived, had put each one of us in a garden of pleasures, to cultivate and subdue it, and to gather in its fruits. He had made every man, as it were, a god over that relative world which was the arena of his probation, putting all things under his feet, and bidding him to bring forth cosmos out of chaos by the right use of his intellect and his will. To the unassisted senses, Nature was but a chaos of disconnected phenomena, an unknown tongue; and it was the part of reason to learn this divine language letter by letter, word by word, line by line, to unite and to generalize, until it should arrive at some faint idea of the sense of the whole, and thus produce in its own thoughts

an order corresponding to that objective order which the heavens were ever telling and the firmament showing forth. Again, all those pleasures which appeal to the emotions tend, if uncultivated, to produce chaos among the faculties of the soul, and it was for the will so to prune and train them, that they might be occasions of harmony rather than discord. Thus in the subjugation of matter to spirit, of confusion to order, each one found his allotted task ; but for those who through sloth or idleness failed to cultivate and subdue this garden of delights, it brought forth thorns and briars, intellectual difficulties and obscurities, and all manner of moral and physical sufferings. Seeing, then, that the perfection of man lay in the subjection of his senses to his spirit, and his spirit to God, they thought it most likely that their final state would be an embodied state. Their inability to attain anything like certainty on many of these great matters they regarded as not the least part of their trial. Though they could not be induced to accept revelation, yet as a speculation the idea pleased them immensely. Not that there was anything new to them in the notion of God speaking to man, for they held that He never did anything else, regarding Nature as a direct expression of the Divine mind, a language addressed to reason through the senses.

So far from finding any difficulty in the miraculous events of the Old Testament, which, viewed otherwise than in their prophetic light, would appear somewhat mythological ; they could not imagine, that if God *had* any extraordinary communication to make, He should make it otherwise than by some extraordinary deed or fact ; and that He should ever deign to make use of human words, even confirmed by the testimony of miracles, was something quite new to their mind, though they allowed that this method of expression, even if making a less deep impression in the memory and imagination of the race, had the advantage of being more pliable and better understood, and of interfering less with the physical order. That Adam, destined for an extraordinary end, should have originated, as to his body, in an extraordinary manner by a special act of creation, seemed to them very natural ; the latter being significant of the former. So too the creation of Eve, the story of the serpent, of the mystical tree, of the Noachian deluge, the tower of Babel, the plagues of Egypt, the whole history of Israel, looked upon in the light of prophetic, speaking facts, seemed amply explained by *hæc omnia in figura contingebant*

illis.¹ The notion of a supernatural economy, they said, would just fill up that lacuna in the order of things which puzzled them so much. The moral representation of the spiritual and material creations by one of our own race; their elevation and union with the Divine, in Him and through Him; the reflection of this dignity upon the whole universe, as the family of which He is the first-born; the divinization of spirit in the order of grace, the spiritualization of matter, begun in the creation of Adam, carried on in the Incarnation, the Church, and the sacraments, culminating in the resurrection and glorification of our bodies; in fine, the complete elimination of chaos and the perfection of cosmos—all this seemed to be that happy "deliverance for which the whole creation groaneth and travaileth," the passage from death unto life, from dust to divinity.

There is much more in the MS. of equal interest concerning the arts and social institutions of the pre-Adamites and their strange ideas and theories concerning the same, for which I must refer the curious to the original document.

"A little knowledge of great things is better than a great knowledge of little things." This is the lesson we may learn from these pre-Adamites; and let us be content, like them, to bear patiently with that littleness, seeing that it is abundantly sufficient for our present need. We do not suppose that the peak of a mountain is suspended in mid-air because its base is hidden from us by a cloud; nor should we doubt the continuity of the chain of creation because some of its links are not manifest to us; and though we may not be able to trace the labyrinth of God's plan through all its windings, we know enough to be certain that it has its exit and entrance. Nay, for all their wonderful sense of *perception* and their wisdom, are not we with our revealed knowledge of great things—of the Beginning and of the End—as far superior to these pre-Adamites, as they are to the agnostics and positivists of our own age and country?

However much scepticism there may be as to the solidity and depth of modern scientific knowledge, there seems to be a

¹ Rationalists seem to think it easier and more natural to explain these narrations as merely verbal and written allegories, albeit inspired in some sense. On the pre-Adamite theory of matter it is easier and more natural to regard them as *enacted* allegories, thus saving their historical value, and fully justifying much that would otherwise be extraordinary and unmeaning by placing their chief importance in their significant and prophetic nature. This, I need hardly say, is the light in which we regard many of the principal miracles of our Blessed Lord, which, compared with His parables and sermons, were His more solemn and Divine utterances.

feeling of general satisfaction as to its extent, which when compared with that of a century or two ago is of a truth enormous. Yet lest we should be unduly impressed by the magnitude of this single dimension, we can never remind ourselves too often that this greatness is only relative. We should think it very narrow-minded and presumptuous for a man to pose as a social theorist, and to lay down general laws and principles subversive of those already received ; and all on the strength of a few days' experience of the working of some obscure village community. Yet is it too much to say that our generalizations as to phenomenal nature, and its possibilities and impossibilities, are based on just as limited an experience ? Not for a moment would we advocate scepticism as to those conclusions which are all the fruit of legitimate reasoning from the data we possess ; but we would insist on this, that, however true, as far as it goes, the view of nature which purely physical science gives us, is so partial and inadequate as to make all this trumpet-blowing about knowledge "embracing the furthest stars," &c., ludicrous in the extreme. From a positivist point of view, nature is not only unknown and unknowable, but not worth knowing, save for the merest utilitarian purposes. Making all due allowance for the pleasure which the mind naturally finds in classifying, remembering, and recognizing phenomena, and granting that such knowledge may conduce, not only to the comforts, but to the rational enjoyment of this life ; yet if it does not help us to a life beyond, if it forbids us to rise through, above, and beyond itself to a knowledge of our First and our Last. If it will not answer the ultimate *Why* of our existence, it is a little better than an idle clatter of words, "a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." Doubtless for those who deny the possibility of a higher and more necessary knowledge, it is well that there should be something to keep the brain busy, and to make a din sufficient to drown the ceaseless questions of the intellect, ever "seeking for rest and finding none." Just as the Epicurean strives to forget death and sorrow, and to occupy his heart with transient joys and affections, so the perpetual excitement of trivial and unimportant pursuits serves to distract the mind from graver and less pleasant considerations. But in the light of healthy reason, still more in the light of faith, how different is the aspect and the importance of the study of nature. Once grasp the notion that the universe is God's book, or rather His very utterance, in the natural order whereby He communicates with

His rational creatures ; and it is seen to be, not the end of knowledge, but the beginning ; not the substance, but the symbol ; not permanent, but as evanescent as the words which pass our own lips, to be forgotten as soon as they have served their purpose.

What is Nature if not the veil under which we can see the dim outline of that awful and majestic form whose revealed beauty we hope one day to see face to face? *All* that He is we cannot see, but that He is there, that He is the Good, the Wise, the Mighty, we must see. Her very substance depends upon Him, and all that is beautiful and graceful in her outline and movement is His. When He would speak to man of his *natural* destiny and duty, it is by the language of the deeds and works of Nature. And when He would tell us of a destiny more than natural, of a world beyond nature, it is again by deeds and works ; but by deeds and works beyond and above nature. And if He has deigned to use the tongue and pen of man to convey His will to us, yet it is not recognized as a Divine utterance without the testimony and seal of signs and wonders.

"A little knowledge of great things is better than an extensive knowledge of trifles." This lesson was insisted on long ago (in the thirteenth century), by a poor Dominican monk, who was a firm believer in basiliks and unicorns ; and held the Ptolemaic system in all its integrity, and was as ignorant of physical science in comparison to Professor Huxley, as that gentleman is when compared with those who shall come after him in a century or less. Yet in all that faith and reason can tell us of the great and eternal truths, the wisdom of the monk shall stand fast like a rock, while the waves of idle speculation are rising and falling all round it, and dashing themselves to pieces against it. Yet had he known nothing else, he would have known far more about nature than the said professor, when he wrote as follows : *Illud videtur convenientissimum ut per visibilia monstrentur invisibilia Dei ; AD HOC ENIM TOTUS MUNDUS EST FACTUS*—"It is manifestly most befitting that the invisible excellence of God should be made known to us by things visible ; and for this very end the whole world was made."¹

¹ D. Thomæ, *Summa*, iii. q. i. a. i.

The Arms of the Pecci.

I.

OUR story opens at the close of the sixteenth century. The splendours of the last days of an Italian summer shone on the Volska hills, and wove for them a resplendent mantle of many colours. The oak, that here, as in the cool solitudes of German forests, thrives luxuriantly, was still in all its verdure; the bowers formed by the broad-leaved chesnut had just put on their golden autumnal tints, and raised themselves in luminous relief from the dark green of the olives and the still darker green of the slender pine.

On the ground sprouted from amidst the heather the tender bells of the Roman campanula, and over all the white tansy spread its glittering and deeply-indented leaves.

The day was on the decline. In the West were flaming purple clouds that threw their reflection on the earth, which rested in the stillness of evening. Where the hill sloped down to the little town of Alagna—now known as Anagni—sat a boy of seventeen and a girl of fourteen summers chattering gaily.

"Just see, Deli," said the girl suddenly, "we are sitting here, as it were, in a sea of flames." Her comparison was a good one. The heath was of a glowing purple, and the thousands and thousands of heath blossom appeared to pour out a little stream of fire; it seemed as if on each flower, on the tip of every herb, a sparkling flame had been lighted, as if billows of glowing fire were around the children. The boy raised himself and gazed with astonishment at his playfellow. The dark eyes in his finely chiselled face widened in awe.

"You look like an angel, Lily," cried he, "and your hair shines like a crown of gold."

Lily laughed. "What nonsense, Deli! An angel! Angels have white wings and soft blue eyes. In all mildness and humility they kneel everlastingly before God's throne, praising and adoring Him. Now just look at me! My eyes are as black

as yours, you can see nothing like wings on me, and as to my gentleness and humility, each day you learn something to wonder at. Poor Deli! An angel! No, no, *amico mio*, I am nothing but a useless girl."

Deli did not seem to hold her opinion; still his gaze lingered on her childlike face. "How strange that golden hair and those dark eyes of yours!" said he, thoughtfully; "and your forehead is like white marble: there is no trace of your being born in Italy, where we seem to be browned by the sunbeams."

"That's because my grandmother was German," answered the wiseacre. "She was the daughter of a nobleman who came over the Alps in the suite of Charlemagne when he was crowned Emperor in Rome. All the daughters of her line have inherited her fair complexion and golden hair."

"How cleverly you tell your story!"

Lily shrugged her shoulders. "And why should I not? Our nurse tells us this every day."

"Sit quite still for one moment," said Deli, "and turn your eyes away from me, that I may see the exact outline of your face."

Smiling, the girl obeyed him, and with busy hands Deli moulded the soft clay, and from his clever fingers came the graceful head of Lily, who cried out in astonishment:

"Wonderful, Deli, wonderful! that is really myself. You have never yet succeeded so well with anything. This is better than the little picture of my father that you made in neutral tints; better too than the lovely Oliva in Alagna."

"That's because I know you better," answered the boy, "and I love no one on earth so much as you. Look what I have brought you. I was only going to give it you when we got home, but now take it."

Slowly unfolding one handkerchief after the other, he handed her the most elegant little figures: first a chamois, then a deer, Lily's little dog, a most faithful copy, and a characteristic likeness in the shape of the head of her nurse.

Beside herself with joy, she clapped her hands and knew not how to express her thanks, and there was no end to her astonishment. "Oh, you are a clever artist, Deli, a great, great artist!"

The boy smiled sadly. "That's what I hope to be one day, Lily. Next year I am going to Rome to study under a renowned master. And when the whole world speaks of me

and calls me a great sculptor, then I shall come back to Alagna, and you, Lily, will be mine."

"There again at play and dreaming," cried a full-toned voice breaking in on Deli's castle building, and turning round they saw a youth of about twenty leaning against the trunk of a pine.

"Antonio Pecci!" said Deli, in a low voice.

"Himself," said the youth, smiling. "I came with my father to Alagna. As I was looking for little Lily, I was told she had gone with her playmate, Jacopo Deli, into the hills; I followed her, and have found the children playing."

Deli stood up, his dark face frowned more darkly as Antonio so coolly called him a child at play. His eyes flamed on the peace disturber, and his haughty mouth was open to make a hasty rejoinder. But his anger melted. Deli, although indeed a child in years, possessed the glance and the feeling of an artist, and these disarmed him as he gazed on the ideal beauty of the youth before him. He had often seen him, but only slightly, and that nobly shaped head, with those intellectual features, the graceful mouth, the lovely eyes, and that luxuriant crop of dark brown hair, on which the setting sun cast golden rays—the whole had never struck him so forcibly as now, when he looked on the slender and yet manly form of Antonio, as in a suit of violet velvet he leant against the pine.

Antonio Pecci was born in the Volska hills, but had passed his student life with relations in Siena, from which city his grandfather came. While the latter, who was also named Antonio Pecci, lived there, the powerful race of the Medici sought to bring the free city of Siena under their power. The citizens of Siena sent Pecci to Pope Clement the Seventh to beg his mediation. When the ambassador learnt that the fate of his native city was not to be altered, he returned to Siena merely *en passant*, and went and established himself in the little town of Carpineto. In the stone palace which he here built among the dark mountains, thrived and blossomed his noble race anew in the person of his son Rodolfo and his grandson Antonio, with whom we make acquaintance for the first time on this late summer's evening.

It was not long before the falcon eye of the young Pecci descried the lovely little clay head which Deli had but just finished, and quickly stooping he picked it up. "That's Lily," cried he, "and how like! I may keep it, may I not?"

Deli's hand was outstretched as if to seize his last work;

but there was something so touching in the tone of the youth that he could not refuse his request. Sighing, the little artist nodded assent, and received most ungraciously Pecci's thanks, of which he was not sparing; but he lavished them in so amiable a manner, that the cloud on Deli's boyish forehead passed off. Nevertheless, he refused to return home with them, so Antonio said to Lily, "Come away, Lily; our fathers are waiting for us."

As the girl stood up one was struck with the resemblance she bore to her name. Slender and tall for her age, in her soft pearl-white dress and innocent countenance and golden hair, she really personified the flower whose name she bore, the white lily, the symbol of youth and purity of soul.

Lily, smiling, took her friend's hand, and side by side they went down the valley to Alagna. It were impossible to see a more lovely couple! In the spring time of life, both nobly born, and equally gifted in heart and mind, what will the future bring them? Did such thoughts disturb Deli's mind? Did it pain him that the little one on whom his heart hung, not unwillingly had left him behind, and gaily and smiling was walking with her companion? Sorrowfully he gazed on the two, till the twilight weaving its grey veil hid the homeward bound from his sight.

II.

From this evening hour, spent in the flowery vale, began for the three individuals who had met together dreamy days of intimacy and perfect enjoyment. Lily and Deli were accustomed to spend their free hours together chatting, playing, and weaving fairy tales, of which the fair head of Lily was an inexhaustible mine of untold treasure. From this time Pecci joined them; whether it was the presence or association of these rarely gifted youths, or the circumstance that in Italy body and mind attain maturity so early, in any case there crept into the ways and manners of these three a more serious and earnest tone. At first the two youths were often on the point of quarrelling, and, in truth, it was always Jacopo Deli who was most easily provoked, and who on every occasion threw out sharp-pointed words; but Lily could so graciously silence them or make peace that all danger quickly passed away. And indeed it would have been very hard to be angry with Antonio Pecci; his amiability, his calm dignity of manner, his

greatness of mind disarmed Deli, just as his manly beauty had disarmed him on that first night of their meeting.

The friendship of the trio was thoroughly approved of by Antonio's and Lily's parents. Jacopo Deli was an orphan, and lived with an eccentric old uncle, who troubled himself no more about him farther than to feed and clothe him. Their sympathy with each other's tastes and pursuits helped them all to bring to perfection the gifts and talents with which God had endowed them.

Antonio Pecci was a learned youth, quite at home in many departments of knowledge, and to this he added an extraordinary talent for music. He had accompanied his father on his travels, and so had become acquainted with men of renown whose genius left their impression on his lofty mind. He had been in Rome on that solemn occasion when Pope Gregory the Thirteenth conferred the Order of the Golden Spurs on Orlando Lasso, composer of a musical *Magnificat*, and the knights Cajetan and Mezzacosta, in the Pope's chapel, had put on his spurs and girt him with the sword of the Order; he had been in the oratory of Santa Maria in Valicella when a sacred drama was performed, the poetry of which was written by Philip Neri, the music by Palestrina. Lily's soft, white countenance glowed with delight as Antonio, to the accompaniment of his lute, sang to her the pious songs of that oratorio; tears streamed from her lovely eyes when she listened to the pathetic strains of the *Stabat Mater*.

Deli was all attention when Realo, the great pupil of the renowned architect and sculptor Sansovino, was spoken of, who had been called to the city of the sea by the Doge Gritti in 1523. All his longings were to be under some great master to study art. When his friends saw the charming, life-like figures that he moulded, there was no doubt in the opinion of any of them that he was called to do great works. As for Lily, she had her full share of talent. When only a child of twelve years old she possessed a rare gift of improvising. She could clothe her beautiful thoughts in charming verse.

It was on a November evening the three companions were again undisturbed together. On the following day Antonio and Deli were to separate, the former to spend the winter in Siena, there to finish his studies. Deli was bound to Rome, where, under the guidance of Realo, he was to become a great sculptor.

The pain of parting lay heavily on the young hearts, but it was expressed according to each character. Lily's countenance bespoke the deepest woe, and she fought hopelessly with the tears that coursed rebelliously down her cheeks. Deli knit his dark eyebrows and clenched his hands as often as his eye rested on the graceful little figure before him. He seemed completely to have forgotten that his so ardently longed for journey to Rome was on the eve of being accomplished. In his heart there was room for no feeling but the sorrowful pang of separation, whose bitterness rose to the unbearable when Antonio, who even at this moment retained his cheerful spirit, spoke joyfully of his return home in the spring. Already in the spring! And he, Deli, must be far away for three years, three long years! during which time his unflinching uncle would not allow him so much as once to revisit his home.

Antonio saw the storm gathering in the boy's soul, and as he had often before, so now, he knew the means to soothe him. They were sitting in the courtyard of Pecci's house in Carpineto. The water of the stone well murmured softly, and above the hills the moon was just rising. Directly opposite them rose a tall and slender cypress. Was it the form of this tree that threw its dark shadow over Deli's features? Shaking his head, Antonio exclaimed, "Lily, give us a remembrance for the way!" and without a moment's hesitation Lily fulfilled his wish, improvising verses on the Cypress and the Lily.

She leaned against the moonlit well, like a luminous body, from her lips flowed words of the sweetest sound. On the listeners this picture remained indelibly stamped. In the artist soul of Deli it sank for eternity. When temptation (from which hot-brained youth can never entirely escape) came with its soft allurements to decoy him from the path of duty, there rose afresh in his mind the image of Lily, and again he heard her saying:

Throughout my mortal life
Would I resemble thee,
Bright lily, pure and white,
Whose name is giv'n me.

III.

Not far from the walls of the Eternal City, on the vigil of the feast of St John the Baptist, an artist's gay festival was being celebrated. The rather eccentric humour of the young

painters and sculptors had made them choose the Appian Way for the place of their merriment. They planted their noisy life close to the silent tombs of the past. Here was a gay vestibule prepared, whose columns supported a charming tent-cover formed by the vine, and luxuriant garlands of roses encircled the whole. Joyful laughing and boisterous merry-making and the clinking of glasses was heard without ceasing on every side. A collection of the most charming women and maidens added beauty and brilliancy to the feast, and the hero of the night was—Jacopo Deli! To understand how that happened, we must go back a little.

Deli, in spite of his burning home sickness for his native hills and longings for the loved one he had left there, accustomed himself very soon to the life in Rome. The darling wish of his heart was speedily realized: he became a pupil of Realo, who, quickly discovering the uncommon talent of the youth, noted him out from all the rest, and the master's house became his second home, where he was more tenderly received than by his old grumbling uncle. By unflinching diligence he soon made such progress, that even his master, who always intrusted him with his best work, was utterly astonished. Thus time went on wings. Just when two years of his Roman student's life had passed, a celebrated patron of art in the Eternal City offered a prize for young sculptors, which should be awarded to the one who should carve the most lovely and heart-stirring statue of St. Agnes, to be placed in his own chapel. Six months were given to the sculptors in which to complete their work, and the eve of the feast of St. John was the day appointed for deciding the prize.

In every workshop was at once developed a surprising activity, and as month after month passed, this activity became feverish. Deli was the most diligent of all.

St. Agnes! Before his mind's eye was a touching figure, a more lovely or more convincing there could not be, her form encircled by waving golden hair, and the pale light of the moon flowing around her. Could he not produce in marble that form that floated before his imagination? Carefully, like all the other artists, he shut his door against uncalled-for or prying eyes. But there were two pairs of eyes that considered themselves entitled to take an occasional peep into his studio. The first belonged to his master and teacher, Realo, the experienced artist, and indeed who could deny him the right

to watch over his pupil's work? But the other pair looked out from above a finely-chiselled little Roman nose, and lit up the charming face of Elena.

Elena was Master Realo's only child, the very apple of his eye, his idolized darling, on whom he lavished his utmost love and devotion, to fill up the void created by his early-lost wife. The young girl had but just come home from the convent where she had been educated, and she filled the place of mistress and housekeeper in her father's house. Hers was a gentle rule; she was of exceptional beauty, and though at times she stamped with her little foot, yet the smile that played about her mouth and the sweet words uttered by her lips were such that no one could long resist her. That now she should have an inflexible command laid upon her seemed well-nigh incomprehensible! Elena had from the very first felt a strong inclination for her father's most talented pupil; she, who by all the young artists of Rome was honoured and respected, often withdrew from her enthusiastic admirers to enter into a deep conversation with the serious Deli, who never had a word of flattery for her; to him she went to learn and be instructed in art or in playing the lute, in which he excelled, or would listen to him when he related the lives of great Italian artists. Nevertheless, he was always kind and obliging to her, and would give himself so much trouble to gratify her capricious wishes that his fellow-students would taunt him with having lost his heart to Elena. Only on this one occasion was he inflexible. She had set her heart on his taking her for his model of St. Agnes. When she first expressed this wish to him he had laughingly replied, "Why, you are too earthly a beauty. Do you think St. Agnes had such dark flaming eyes, or such a threatening wrinkle over her charming little nose, or such a haughty mouth?"

This was the first time he had ever made any allusion to her physical advantages, and a joyful surprise ran through her frame. At last she discovered he was not blind to her beauty, as she had so often feared he was! No doubt there sounded in his words his unwavering refusal to comply with her request. Nevertheless, she did not give up the hope of gaining her point, and she determined on a very strange surprise. On the ground floor of the house there was a deep recess in which was placed a statue of St. John the Baptist, and before it a little lamp was kept burning. Deli was in the

habit of saying daily a short prayer before this statue, and one evening on coming home he went hurriedly to say his usual prayer; a slight noise startled him, and he looked up in speechless astonishment at the changed statue. St John had vanished, and in his place was a woman's form. Soft white garments hung in loose drapery around her, over her flowing hair fell a fine gauze veil, in her arms she held the emblem of innocence—a little white lamb. The pert Elena had imagined this costume to show the young artist she was well fitted to be immortalized as St. Agnes. The roguish eyes were raised piously to Heaven, the lips, ever ready to speak, were softly closed. In any case, she was a lovely picture, and the artist eyes of the young man rested on her in dumb admiration. This, however, was not according to the young girl's taste, she could keep her posture no longer, so springing lightly from her niche, she seized Deli's arm, exclaiming, "Now, was not that good? Am I not your ideal of a saint? Just tell the truth, do I not look more like one than the supernaturally-fine face of the girl with the long golden hair that you have so often painted? Come now, Deli," said she coaxingly, "take me for your St. Agnes."

A dark shadow passed over Deli's countenance as she mentioned the girl with the golden hair that "he so often painted." He clearly saw that words would be useless to Elena, who had already resumed her saintly position, and was calling out to him, "Look well at me once more, fix the picture in your brain, and begin your work to-morrow. Good-night!"

Disturbed, he mechanically returned her good-night.

More jealously than ever, he now kept his workshop bolted. Every moment of his day he spent there, hardly did he allow himself time for the family meals. Elena was perfectly contented, in her giddy head she felt sure she had conquered, and that Deli was accomplishing her longing desire.

At last the great day had arrived when the prize was to be awarded. It had brought victory to Deli and bitter deception to the charming Elena. The choice between the marble statues was made with great solemnity. Signor Onofrio Aldo, who had appointed the competition, had a very renowned friend as his guest, the musician Andrea Gabrielli who lived in Venice, and whose fame rang throughout all Italy since the day when on a solemn occasion (1554) in the presence of Henry

the Third, King of France, music which he had expressly composed had been heard. Together they had made choice of Jacopo Deli's statue.

While the statue was being placed in Aldo's private chapel, Andrea's masterly hand played the organ, that queen of instruments, and the impression was so powerful on the devout assembly that all were moved to tears. The tones of the organ floated and hovered around the Saint's statue, and the magic beauty of the gracious figure seemed to share the sounds. And truly seldom had the Virgin Martyr been portrayed with lovelier form than now that she bore the features of Lilia.

Amongst those who knelt in the chapel was one who did not partake of these pious sentiments. With anger in her heart the beautiful child of the artist Realo gazed on St. Agnes, that likeness of the girl with the golden hair in whom, with the instinct of love, she knew her rival who had stolen the sculptor's heart. With clenched hands, breathing heavily, Elena knelt on the *prie-dieu*; her eyes sent off sparks and flames, and while the wonderful tones of the organ filled the air, came a hissing sound through the set teeth of the excited girl: "Thou hast conquered, hated one! But take care; just spread out the net of your golden hair to coil him. Elena watches! Elena will be revenged!"

The day with its exciting events was at an end; in the dark Italian heaven rose the full moon, and enlightened the gay feast that the artists were giving to their victorious comrade; it brightened joyful young faces, kissed radiantly beaming foreheads, and mirrored itself in the laughing eyes of beautiful women.

Opposite Deli sat a group of lovely girls, in the midst of which was Elena, who seemed to have forgotten her grief and vexation. She was paler than usual, and she had only just arrived, very much later than all the rest; she joked and laughed more unrestrainedly than was her wont, and sought by every wily art to chain the loved one to her side. Deli listened to the laughing and joking, but in an absent manner; he was thinking of a little note he had that day received from Alagna, and in which, in Lilia's fine writing, were expressions of the most sincere friendship. "Yesterday," wrote she, "Antonio Pecci arrived, he remains for good in Carpineto, and when you, six months hence, return home, then shall we all three be together as of old. Do come, Deli."

His heart beat violently. Would he return? O how willingly, how unutterably he longed to do so!

The feast continued its gay course. Only the strange old tower stood dark in the bright moonlight, and threw a shadow on this brilliant spot as if it were a warning of coming evil.

It might be midnight, when a horseman was seen dashing with all speed on the road from Rome. As he alighted there was a whisper from mouth to mouth that gradually swelled and became louder and louder till a wild cry burst from the crowd: "Shattered to pieces! Thrown down from the altar by a reckless hand, the masterpiece that was to give undying fame to its maker. St. Agnes lies in fragments on the ground!"

When the cry was heard Deli's arm encircled Elena, as in the gay dance they were partners. Thunderstruck he stood motionless. He had grown pale when he heard this bad news, but his partner was ghastly and looked more like a corpse than a living being. Even her rosy lips were as white as death; her black eyes fixed themselves on the youth, she trembled like an aspen leaf and she stammered, "Deli!"

Thinking she wished to comfort him Deli turned to her, but scarcely had he caught sight of her white face than he drew back, as if he had seen a ghost. He saw a guilty conscience. "You," panted he, "you did it! you dashed to pieces my holy—. . . you, you," his voice failed him.

Elena laid her hand appeasingly on his arm. "Gently, gently," whispered she, "you are so great an artist, you can easily make another, but this time choose a different model," added she, flatteringly and softly caressing him. Beside himself, he dashed her from him, exclaiming, "Never, never! Another model indeed! From you? To me you are more like a demon than even a human being. Wretch! You destroyed my St. Agnes."

Elena laughed bitterly. "Fool!" cried she, "you say rightly, I did it! I dashed your idol to the ground, I hate her soft face, her saintly look, her wavy golden hair, I hate——," more she could not say. Deli with a wild cry had fallen to the ground, even as a dead body falls.

The shadow of the old tower covered him as the dark veil of death.

IV.

The half-year that Deli had still to remain absent from his home had come to an end, indeed, two months over that time

had passed and the flowery April moon shone on him as he homeward bent his steps.

He could no longer bear Rome after that eventful St. John's eve; to stay longer with his dear master, whose lovely and passionate daughter had destroyed his masterpiece, was impossible, and it was equally difficult to place himself under another; so he wandered forth into the world and developed greater genius.

The unsettled life he led prevented him from having any news from home, so when he could bear it no longer he turned his steps thither. Earth was adorned in robes of the most ravishing spring; numberless violets perfumed the air, and crocuses peeped up through the long mountain grass as if greeting the wanderer, and the delicate wild roses clustered in luxuriant beauty in the hedges. All over the hills hung a sparkling fragrant exhalation, the heavens were smiling blue and cloudless, and the glistening sun was mirrored in the morning dew.

It seemed to Deli that the three last years of feverish exertions, with their conflicts and excitations, were completely blotted out and he was again a careless happy child. True to his pious boyhood he wended his way to the little chapel which was surrounded by tall pines and had a rocky steep in its rear. The pretty chapel was gaily decorated, wreaths of flowers encircled walls and columns, and clouds of incense gently ascending mingled with the fragrance of innumerable flowers. Men and women in the most picturesque costumes filled the benches and *prie-dieux*, but no service was going on and there seemed to reign a more exciting than devotional feeling in the crowd, for there was much nodding and whispering going on.

Deli had ensconced himself under an archway so as to be undisturbed in his devotions. There burying his head in his hands he did not notice that there was a movement and rustle in the assembly as the motion of a summer wind in a cornfield.

Suddenly the voice of the priest roused him from his prostration and he looked up. Heaven and earth! What was that? What was taking place before his eyes! O God, and must he come home to witness that!

At the altar before the venerable priest stood a bridal couple about to tie the knot that would bind them for life. A tall handsome youth, his noble limbs clad in a robe of state of a gold coloured velvet, a heavenly beautiful maiden in a snow

white dress and glittering gold hair with a delicately spun veil thrown over her; lovely and pure like a white lily—Antonio Pecci and Lilia della Rocca! A cold shudder ran through the frame of the hidden witness. O cruel life, thus dost thou destroy all our dreams, and chase the dreamer out of Paradise! Often had he pictured to himself how bewitchingly lovely Lily, the companion of his childhood, would be in her bridal dress; the bridal wreath would not glisten more than her golden locks, her snow white brow would put to shame her bridal veil, and standing at the altar she would verily be a white Lily. But the happy one who was to be at her side and in the name of God was to vow he would protect and shield her all his life, this happy one did not bear the features of Antonio Pecci! No, he himself in this heavenly dream had held Lily's delicate hand in his, he himself had put the wedding-ring on her finger, and the sharp heart-rending pang that this moment ran through him heightened the remembrance of the blessedness that in his dreams had possessed him.

With a loud groan he buried his head once more in his hands, nor did he raise it again until the rustling motion around told him that the bridal party had left the church, and the whispering of the bystanders breaking on the silence soon ceased as the curious crowd followed, and he was left alone, all alone!

At the gay wedding-breakfast Lilia Pecci complained to her husband how grieved she was that their mutual friend Jacopo Deli had not come, and by his presence heightened their enjoyment. "Not one single letter of mine has he answered," said Lily, sadly. "Since last St. John's eve, I have no news of him. Neither can his uncle say a word about him; our Deli has become a rover."

With tender words Antonio soothed his bride. "Who knows," said he, "where his wandering feet now rest? perhaps love has chained him to happiness, a happiness such as ours."

But at that very hour Deli left his home in secret and unknown, and to which he never thought of returning. He wandered restless and friendless into the wide world.

As far as the Italian sky extended there was no happier home than that of Antonio Pecci, at Carpineto. The sweetness, the purity of soul of the mistress of the house acted as the vivifying sun and as a magnet, drawing all that was good and

beautiful to itself. As under her hand the clustering roses thrived, that covered the gray stone house at the foot of the rock and lent to it a charm, and the pomegranate decked with bright red flowers bending over the well in the yard, just so the good seed scattered around her expanded and developed itself in all those who came in contact with her and more especially in the children that God had given her. Fifteen years had passed since that wedding-day, and Lilia called a fine strong boy of ten and a girl of fourteen, named after herself, Lilia, her own. The girl was tall and gracefully developed, and when seen standing by her mother, would by a stranger be taken for her sister.

Yes, indeed, Antonio Pecci's home is a happy one and he himself a happy man, and his fatherland looks on him with pride, for far and wide over the Volska hills his fame is sounded, the fame of his gifted mind, the fame of his incorruptible rectitude, his beneficence and gentle sway. Who drained the swamps and made the barren land around Alagna and Carpineto fruitful? Who built huts for the poor and gave them work and means of making a livelihood? Who erected churches in the neighbouring country and schools wherein the children of the mountaineers were gratuitously taught to be honest, useful men? Who but Antonio Pecci, named by all, the "Benevolent."

Although he so unwillingly leaves his home, he is too great a man to be left in stillness and unnoticed. Often is he obliged to spend some time at the court of Princes, for his advice is sought and esteemed by all; the Holy Father too calls him frequently to Rome, and the pious, the learned, the artist, have not a more sympathizing friend, one who understands and protects them better than Antonio Pecci. Many a weighty decision, which has astonished the world, has been taken on his counsel; many a work that has lasted for centuries has originated at his suggestion. And they who sow such seed, to them does God give a plentiful and ever blessed harvest.

The friend of her childhood, Jacopo Deli, Lilia had never again seen; all this time he had never been heard of, and even his uncle received no news of him.

Now there happened about five years from this date something very strange; a veiled lady asked to see the Signora Lilia Pecci; Lilia, who supposed it must be some call on her charity, and who, following the example of her husband,

never denied herself to any one, desired the stranger to be shown in.

On entering the lady threw back her veil and Lilia beheld a handsome dark countenance with lustrous eyes that flashed and sparkled and looked at her fixedly. The stranger seemed not to hear the courteous words that were addressed to her, for she answered not, till with a deep and painful sigh she broke out in these words :

"And so you are Lilia, for whose sake he could not love me, who would willingly have laid down my life for him!"

As Signora Pecci drew back, she made an appeasing gesture, and dropping into a seat she continued :

"Fear not, noble lady, but listen to me. Look at me. I am Elena Realò, daughter of the master in whose school Jacopo Deli became a great sculptor. I loved him and I hated you, for I saw you in numberless pictures that he painted. For ever your white forehead! your wavy golden hair! So when he chiselled St. Agnes in marble I left him no peace with prayers and entreaties that he would take me for his model, fool that I was! I fancied he had never well looked at me, and that when he studied my handsome face and made it live for ever in marble, then he would have learnt to forget you and love me!

"Alas! when St. Agnes was finished she bore your features! All Rome rejoiced with the artist; in me alone dwelt anger, a burning thirst for vengeance stifled me, and while outside the gates of the city they were all celebrating the triumph of their companion, I dashed your likeness—the St. Agnes that had crowned his fame—to the ground and destroyed it.

"Deli left us. Only after the lapse of a year did I see him again. He was a broken-down man. Still the wish was strong within me to win his love, but I strove to crush it, for I plainly saw all my endeavours would be in vain. And so I had to see the loved one wander alone in the world. Only very lately my father heard of Deli. He is in a monastery of Friars Minor in Germany. There he devotes his life and art to the service of God. I could find no rest or peace till I had seen you, lady, for this once only. Farewell, Lilia!"

No entreaty could persuade her to remain any longer. As she came, so she vanished from the house and out of Lilia Pecci's life.

VI.

"To-day I bring you great news! Jacopo Deli is come home." With these words Antonio Pecci greeted his beloved wife on an October day in the year 1577. "His uncle, who is nearly eighty years old, is sick to death and has sent for him. They say the pious artist looks sick to death himself. I shall pay him a visit to-day."

Yes, indeed, Deli was ill; no one could think otherwise as they saw his feeble gait following his uncle's hearse, and Lilia thought so too when she saw him once more after the lapse of so many years. The cowl shaded a ghastly countenance and the dark, long beard made it appear still whiter, but his deeply sunken eyes had an expression of heavenly peace.

It was the loveliest autumn weather, splendid in the warmth of its colouring, beautiful as that day on which the two playmates sat chatting, and Antonio Pecci had joined them, the old child-like friendship still sounded in their words as they talked together. Antonio plainly saw that the life of the good monk could not be counted on for many months, and in his noble soul he was resolved to make these months as pleasant and peaceful as it was in his power to do. With this object in view he made him spend many hours of the day under his roof, where peace and harmony reigned, so that he might enjoy, as everybody else did who dwelt therein, the beneficent influence of the home.

As the road from Alagna to Carpineto was steep and the distance too great for the sick monk, Antonio often sent a litter or sedan-chair in the morning to fetch him, that he might pass the day or a few days with them. Then, as in former times, they would sit and talk in the courtyard, near the well and cypress-tree, with the hills in the distance for a background. Deli would tell of his life in Germany, of his works, or he would teach Lilia's children. Ludovico especially clung tenderly to him.

When he saw them for the first time, he was struck with the remarkable likeness and the striking countenance of the younger Lilia. Just so had he known his playmate, Lilia della Rocca. Often would he murmur to himself, "Two lilies!" as he gazed on the two slender figures and innocent countenances of the mother and daughter, and then he would call

to mind the verses that on that autumn evening Lilia had improvised, when leaning against the well :

Throughout my mortal life
Would I resemble thee,
Bright lily, pure and white,
Whose name is giv'n me.

Sometimes a great longing for his art would seize him, and in one of these moods he said to Antonio, "Allow me to carve an ornament for your well, that at the same time will be a remembrance of our youth."

Willingly Antonio seconded his desire, saying, "Think well what it shall be, let it be full of appropriate significance, for it would be a real pleasure to me if from it came the arms of the house of Pecci."

Deli set eagerly to work. He shaped an oval, in the middle of which he carved a cypress, on either side of which he placed a lily. It needed no stretch of imagination to remember the past in this ; the cypress and the well, Lilia's song while resting against it, the two lilies, the mother and the daughter. Antonio Pecci, after contemplating the sculpture, was perfectly satisfied, and thought it most appropriate to the proud race whose name he bore.

The work was just drawing to a close, when it was abruptly broken off.

It was a quiet Sabbath evening, when suddenly a wild cry of "Fire!" was heard in the streets of Carpineto, and the gathering crowds saw their little church in flames. Filled with terror, they were trying to save and protect what could still be saved, when Signora Pecci rushed into the crowd, pale as a corpse, and crying, "Save my child! my lily, she is in the church at the altar of the Blessed Virgin, arranging the flowers. For the love of God, save her!"

The crowd was petrified with horror. To save the child seemed an utter impossibility; the little church threatened to fall in any moment. But God is ever at hand in times of the greatest need, and He sends His servants as saviours.

Quick as thought, brave, as they alone are who despise their own life, Deli thrust himself through the smoke and flames into God's house. Moments of supreme suspense passed, during which no one seemed to dare to breathe—then Deli appeared with smoking clothes and scorched limbs, bearing

the child unhurt, in his arms. A thousand hands were outstretched to the pale girl; scarcely had he given her up to them, than a burning beam fell on his head and he sank senseless to the ground. To carry him to his little house in Alagna was quite impossible, so they bore him to Pecci's house in Carpineto. With the most devoted care was Lilia's saviour nursed and once more snatched from death. The angel with the dark wings gave him another short respite; Deli lived, but his sight was extinguished—he was blind! In his dark hair and long beard, fright and sorrow had brought those streaks of gray which old age naturally brings.

The blind monk was a most touching picture, as, propped up with cushions, he leaned against the well in the yard, and sorrowfully gazed, as it would seem, on the distant beautiful landscape. "Let me finish the coat of arms," said he one day, and as the bystanders, astonished, hesitated to give him his chisel and hammer, he again repeated his request, and this time almost impatiently. "Let me finish the arms, I have not much more time left me to work, and I must make good use of it." With ever-increasing astonishment they watched the certainty with which the blind monk set about his work.

But he did not like to be overlooked, so they left him daily for a few hours alone, and he took great care to keep his work hidden.

It was the feast of St. Cecilia. The wind blew soft and mild, though it was already deep in the heart of November. Deli had become visibly weaker, the venerable priest of Carpineto had anointed him and given him his Viaticum for his last journey. The sick monk lay peacefully surrounded by his friends. The thin, trembling hands uncovered the marble oval slab, and smiling, handed to Antonio Pecci the coat of arms of his house. "Two lilies and a cypress-tree, you know what that means," whispered he, as Antonio and Lilia bent over the escutcheon.

"But here above, Deli," said Antonio, in wonder, "What is that? A star with long rays!"

"A comet, a wonder star!" said the dying monk, mysteriously.

Lilia shook her head. "What has that to do with our arms?" A strange light spread over Deli's countenance.

"Your eyes see earthly things," said he, "but a blind man gazes in spirit into the brightness of God's purity, and the future is open to him. Listen to me; before many days are

passed, such a star will shine in heaven! But this is only figurative! A figure of that wonderful star that will come of your own race, a glorious descendant of the Pecci! Farewell, I die cheerfully and calmly, since it has been allowed me to gaze on the splendour of that star whose rays will shine on the future."

Thrilled with holy fear, Lilia and Antonio Pecci remained long on their knees in silent prayer, the children hid their faces, sobbing on the bosom of their homeward-bound friend, on whose countenance a heavenly brightness already shone. He was no longer blind—he beheld eternal light!

Shortly after his death, there appeared in the nightly heavens a wonderful star, shining brighter than any other, and showering its luminous rays on the horizon.¹



And what is the star in the arms of the Pecci? That too, has risen and filled the world with its beneficent light, and its name is: Leo the Thirteenth.

¹ In November, 1577, Tycho Brahe's comet rose.

The Sacrifice of the Mass.

OUR Divine Lord, when, on the eve of His Passion, He fed His Apostles with His own most precious Body and Blood under the appearances of bread and wine, instituted in that action the Sacrifice, and made His Apostles priests, in order that they and their successors might offer this Sacrifice, in His Person, to the end of time. He has since declared by the voice of His Church that in the Mass is offered a true and proper Sacrifice.

This ineffable and most consoling truth His faithful children, as they bow in adoration before the altar, on which these great Mysteries are celebrated, have ever believed from their inmost heart. They believe that this unbloody oblation is a true and proper Sacrifice, and that at the same time it is commemorative of the bloody Sacrifice of the Cross. They believe that Christ our Lord thus instituted it; that His Sacred Body becomes present, in virtue of the words of consecration, under the appearance of bread, and His Precious Blood under the appearance of wine; and that thus there really takes place an ever new and express representation of the shedding of His Blood once for all upon the Cross, and a mystical though not real shedding of His Blood in the Mass. Thus the Sacrifice of the Mass, whilst it is a true and proper Sacrifice *absolutely*, is at the same time a *relative* or *commemorative* Sacrifice.

This is clearly expressed in the words of our Lord Himself: "Do this in remembrance of Me." To these may be added the words of the Apostle in explanation: "As often as you shall eat this Bread and drink the Chalice, you shall show the Death of the Lord until He come." From these words and from the constant belief of the faithful, as also from the explicit teaching of the Fathers and the Liturgies of the Church, it is evident that our Lord instituted the unbloody Sacrifice in order that by its intrinsic character and the manner of its offering, it might refer to the bloody Sacrifice of the Cross, and be a real and objective commemoration of it.

The ground of this relation does not rest only on the extrinsic will and ordination of Christ its Institutor. It is intrinsic in its nature. For Christ Himself, who was offered on the Cross, in order that He may apply His merits consummated on the Cross, becomes Himself present under the appearances of bread and wine. The very manner in which His Body and Blood become present on the altar, expresses the same meaning. For, in virtue of the words of consecration, the Body of Christ under the appearance of bread is present, separately from the Blood under the appearance of wine. Thus it is not merely imaginarily, but in the very, real Body and Blood of Christ, that the shedding of the Blood which took place on the Cross is represented.

There is no doubt, then, that the relation of the unbloody Sacrifice to the bloody Sacrifice of the Cross is founded on its own intrinsic nature; so that, if this relation were removed, essential as it is by the institution of Christ, the Mass would lose its very character of a Sacrifice. But it is quite a different question whether the *representation* of the Sacrifice of the Cross, or the *distinct* consecration of the Body and Blood under the separate appearances, whereby the Body and Blood are by virtue of the words of consecration, present separately on the altar, essentially give to the celebration of Mass the character of a true and proper Sacrifice.

When we say that the Mass is a relative or commemorative Sacrifice, we mean that it is in itself a true and proper Sacrifice, possessing all the properties essential to the character of a sacrifice, and also that it has relation to another Sacrifice; a relation essential to this particular Sacrifice, but not to every other. But whether this relation is the *essential reason* which constitutes it a true and proper Sacrifice, is a question which has to be considered by itself. Wherein, then, precisely is to be found the essence of a Sacrifice in the Mass? In answer to this question theologians have expressed various opinions. And here it is important to note that it would be contrary to all reason to argue from the variety of opinions held by theologians on this point that they are not agreed in their acknowledgment of a true and proper Sacrifice in the Mass. It is true, indeed, that when a definite truth is declared to be revealed, the *definition* of that truth is revealed; but, until that definition is sufficiently proposed, so as to exact belief, liberty is left to individuals to discuss the question.

It is declared as revealed that in the Mass a true and proper Sacrifice is offered. It is proposed in such a manner that all therefore are bound to believe it. It is declared as a consequence at the same time, that all the properties essential to a true sacrifice are found in this offering. But *what* are the properties necessary to constitute the essence of a sacrifice is not thereby declared. All persons have a general notion of what a sacrifice is ; but what are the essential characteristics necessary for constituting a sacrifice is to be discovered by examination, and has not yet been sufficiently proposed as an article of necessary belief ; as is manifest from the diversity of opinions held by theologians on the subject. Amongst these various opinions, two in particular are mentioned by Cardinal de Lugo as presenting the strongest marks of probability. The first opinion regards the essence of the Sacrifice as residing in the *Consecration*. This opinion is held by very many, and amongst them are Suarez, Vasquez, and Lessius. It is founded on the testimony of many of the Fathers. "Who can doubt," are the words of St. Gregory the Great, "that, at the moment of the Sacrifice, the heavens are opened at the words of the priest, that at that Mystery of Jesus Christ the choirs of angels are present, that earth and Heaven meet, and the visible and invisible are united?" By the *moment of Sacrifice* is here clearly meant the time when the *words of Consecration* are pronounced. This opinion is also supported by the authority of those who say that on the Friday of Holy Week, on which no Consecration takes place, there is no Sacrifice. Again, a priest at his ordination receives the power of offering *sacrifice*. The words addressed to him are : "Receive the power of offering sacrifice." This must mean the power of *consecrating* ; for nowhere else is this power imparted to him.

The second opinion holds that it is in the *consumption* of the Sacred Host that the essence of the Sacrifice is to be found. "The eating of bread," says St. Augustine, "is the Sacrifice of Christians." Again, in the Mass of the Pre-sanctified, in which no Consecration takes place, the priest prays : "May our Sacrifice be so offered to Thee this day, that it may be pleasing to Thee, O Lord our God." Furthermore, if the Sacrifice consisted in the Consecration alone, it could not be applied in behalf of any one. The Church, however, *after the Consecration*, applies the Sacrifice in behalf of the dead. There appear, then, to be strong reasons on

either side. The authority also of St. Thomas can be brought, not without grounds of probability, in favour of both opinions.

In the first opinion, says de Lugo, the greater number of theologians concur; but they differ amongst themselves in the *grounds* on which they maintain it. Some argue from the fact that, in the Consecration, the substance of bread and wine is destroyed; but, as Cardinal Bellarmine remarks, it would not, in this case, be the Body and Blood of our Lord that is sacrificed, but the substance of bread and wine. Others say that, for a sacrifice, it is not necessary that there should be *destruction*, but that it is sufficient that a *change* take place in the thing offered. Thus, they say, in the offering of incense, it is not the destruction of the incense which constitutes the sacrifice, but the sweet odour which arises from the burnt incense. This *production* they consider to be a more worthy sacrifice than the destruction. So in the Eucharist, they argue, there is something which is *destroyed* and something which is *produced*; and it is the latter, they say, which is principally offered, not the former. This opinion, however, does not recommend itself; for it is contrary to all received modes of thought and expression to say, that what is *produced* is *sacrificed*. In this case the building of a new church would be a real sacrifice, but this would be to change the received idea of sacrifice. With regard to the case adduced of incense, it is essential to a real sacrifice that the thing offered should be permanent, not transitory; but nothing is more passing than the fragrance exhaling from burning incense.

Others, again, argue that the *destruction* or *change* of the thing offered is necessary, indeed, in the case of an *absolute*, but is not required in the case of a *commemorative* sacrifice. The principal supporter of this opinion is Vasquez, who adduces the Fathers as supporting his opinion. The Fathers are, indeed, unanimous in regarding the Sacrifice of the Mass as *commemorative* of the Sacrifice of the Cross; and this of course no one denies. But they do not place the *essence* of the Sacrifice of the Mass precisely in the fact that it is *commemorative* of another Sacrifice; but they rather insinuate the contrary. St. Augustine, for instance, who is adduced by Vasquez, in pointing out the resemblance of the Sacrifice of the Mass to the sacrifices of the Old Law, in respect of their being both *commemorative*, says: "The Body and Blood in this Sacrifice was prefigured before the coming of Christ by the resemblance

of the victims which were offered ; in the Passion of Christ they were really present ; since the Ascension of Christ, they are celebrated in the memorial Sacrament."

But, in these words, St. Augustine does not intend to convey the meaning that the sacrifices of the Old Law had the character of a *true sacrifice* precisely because they *represented* the future Sacrifice of the Cross ; he is not therefore to be understood as conveying this meaning with regard to the Sacrifice of the Mass because he speaks of it as a *commemoration*.

It is of no service, then, to multiply passages from the Fathers in order to prove that the Sacrifice of the Mass is commemorative. On this point there is no question. The whole difficulty lies in this ; wherein is to be found in the Mass the *true character* of a *Sacrifice*.

It is true that the language of St. Thomas appears at first sight to favour the opinion of Vasquez ; for he says that the celebration of this Sacrament is called both a Sacrifice and an Immolation, because the *representations* of things are often called by the name of those things which they represent. "The celebration of this Sacrament," he says, "is a kind of representative image of the Passion of Christ which is truly His Immolation, and *therefore* the celebration of this Sacrament is called the Immolation of Christ." But these words favour Vasquez in such a sense that they seem to prove more than he would himself be willing to accept. For they would seem to prove that in the Eucharist there is *no true and proper Sacrifice*, but only analogically, that is to say, only so far as the representations of things are called by the name of the things themselves. It is necessary, therefore, on all sides, to explain St. Thomas as speaking in another sense.

Cardinal de Lugo is of opinion that it is probable that St. Thomas used the words *Sacrifice* and *Immolation* in two different senses ; the former having a more general meaning. The term *Sacrifice*, in this sense, would be applicable to all sacrifice whatever ; whereas the term *Immolation* would be applied properly and strictly to the *slaying* of the victim. In all other cases the term would be applied only as an image. For Immolation is a real and bloody Sacrifice. Thus, in the Mass there is a real and *true Sacrifice*, but only a *mystical Immolation*. It is in this sense that St. Augustine says that Christ was *immolated* once for all. There is no wonder, then, that St. Thomas, so understood, says that in the Eucharist there

is *Immolation* inasmuch as it is a *figure* of the Immolation which took place on the Cross. He is showing not how the Mass is properly a *Sacrifice*; but how it is that it is called an *Immolation*.

Intrinsically, the explanation offered by Vasquez is not such as to satisfy the mind, and does not fairly meet the point in question. The view which it takes of Sacrifice, as Cardinal Bellarmine remarks, is clearly arbitrary. A *true and real Sacrifice* requires a *true and real destruction* of the thing offered in sacrifice. Where, then, there is no true and real destruction, but only a *representation* of destruction, there will be no true Sacrifice, but only the *representation* of Sacrifice. Nor is it enough to say that there is no true *absolute* Sacrifice, but that there is a true *commemorative* Sacrifice; for the very point in question is, whether a *commemorative* Sacrifice is a *true Sacrifice simply*, or only *in some sense* a Sacrifice. A mere representation of a thing is not the thing itself. A representation, for instance, of the death of Cæsar in a tragedy is merely a *representation*; it is not *actually* the death of Cæsar.

The sacrifices of the Old Law represented the future Death of Christ; but they would not thereby have been really sacrifices unless they contained in themselves the destruction of something there sacrificed. The fact, therefore, that in the Mass is contained a representation or commemoration of the Death of Christ is not sufficient of itself to make it a true Sacrifice simply, but only in a sense, or by way of representation. Neither is the difficulty removed by the fact that Christ Himself is *really present* in the Mass. If Jephthe's daughter, for example, were raised to life and were present at a tragedy representing her own death; it could not be said with truth that she was then *truly sacrificed*. In like manner, the mere representation of the Death of Christ in the Mass, though in the Person of our Lord Himself, is not sufficient of itself to entitle us to say that Christ therein is truly and properly sacrificed. The *representation* of the first Sacrifice is one thing; the *actual offering* of a *true and real Sacrifice* is another.

But it may be said that, in the Mass, our Lord is not only present, but also takes a part, in which He represents His past Death and the Sacrifice which He once offered of Himself. This, however, would not make this a true and proper Sacrifice; for, by the supposition, no *destruction* takes place, but only a

representation of destruction. Furthermore, although the representation *signifies the Sacrifice once offered*, it does not therefore signify what was *signified by the Sacrifice itself*. For it is only, as it were, as a reflex Sign, signifying the other Sacrifice, which was itself a *direct sign*. But a reflex sign cannot, by the mere fact of its signifying another sign, partake of the *essence* of that *direct sign* signified by it. This will be clearly seen from the examination of other direct and reflex signs.

There are others, lastly, who say that the Consecration is truly an act of Sacrifice, because, by it, in virtue of the words of Consecration, the Body is *separated* from the Blood. For though, by concomitance, whatever is contained under either appearance is the same, this is accidental. For the words, as regards themselves, separate the Body from the Blood, and dissolve what was before compound. The words thus, in consequence, sacramentally destroy it, and place it on the altar as a Victim slain and sacrificed. This opinion is held by Father Lessius. It is rejected by Cardinal Bellarmine on the ground that, in whatever way the slaying and separation *in virtue of the words* may be explained, in *reality* the Body is not separated from the Blood, or the Soul.

Both of the two opinions, mentioned by Cardinal de Lugo, regarding the essence of the Sacrifice of the Mass, have strong arguments, as we have said, to support them. He therefore adopts an opinion which combines both. He considers that both the Consecration and Communion belong to the essence of the Sacrifice. This opinion, he says, appears to be most commonly received amongst theologians.

In the Consecration, the *substantial act* of Sacrifice takes place, which is *completed* in the Communion. The act of sacrifice requires the *destruction* of the victim, not necessarily the *physical* destruction, but what is *equivalent* in human estimation to actual destruction. Thus, for instance, in libation, which was regarded by the ancients as a sacrifice; the wine, when poured from the goblet, was not actually destroyed; but, by falling to the earth, it was practically destroyed, by being rendered no longer of any use for the purpose for which it was originally intended. This will serve to show how the Body of Christ is truly *sacrificed* when the words of Consecration are pronounced. For though, by the Consecration, It is not *substantially destroyed*, yet in human estimation It is destroyed, inasmuch as It is reduced to a condition unsuited to a human body and suited to another purpose, viz., that of food.

It is in this same sense that St. Gregory of Nyssa says that Christ instituted the Sacrifice in the very act of giving His Body to His disciples as food. He implies thereby that, by reducing His Body to the condition of food, He in a manner destroyed It; not physically, but morally, and in human estimation. For this reason it is with great truth that the Fathers say that in the Consecration sacrifice is truly offered. For this reason, also, a priest at his ordination receives the power of *consecrating*, when he receives the power of *sacrificing*. In this sense, also, the Fathers may be understood, when they say that in this Sacrament Christ in a manner slew Himself; though, at the same time, they may be understood to speak of His mystical Death, which takes place by the sacramental separation of His Body and Blood. It is not inconsistent with this that the *consumption* of the Sacred Host by the priest belongs also to the substance and integrity of the Sacrifice; for by it the Victim is still further consumed and destroyed. Neither does the fact, that the Victim thus undergoes a twofold destruction in the same Sacrifice, present a real difficulty. For in a holocaust, it was necessary that the victim should be first slain and afterwards still more entirely destroyed by being wholly burnt.

Cardinal Bellarmine remarks that our Sacrifice is of the character of a holocaust; and that the Communion corresponds to the burning as the Consecration corresponds to the slaying of the victim. This presents us with the best reason why Consecration can never take place without Communion. It would be difficult to give any reason for this if the Communion did not belong to the substance of the Sacrifice. In the view of the case as stated it is evident that otherwise the Sacrifice would be left incomplete and imperfect; just as if in a holocaust the victim were slain and not burned. Hence, if a priest, in saying Mass, should die before receiving, another priest would be required to take his place in order to receive.

It is in this sense that St. Augustine is to be understood when he says: "The eating of bread is the Sacrifice of Christians." That is to say, not the entire but partial Sacrifice. In the same manner the Mass of the Presanctified is called a Sacrifice; not that it is a whole and entire Mass, but because it is a *partial* Sacrifice, and the *complement* of the Mass of the preceding day, and not merely a Sacramental Communion. This appears to be the opinion of St. Thomas; for he says that

on this day the Sacrament is not consecrated, yet in order that the Church may not be deprived of the fruit of the Passion, the Body of Christ, which was consecrated on the preceding day, is received on this day. He is therefore of opinion that this reception profits the Church, and consequently by way of *sacrifice*. For Sacramental Communion benefits only the receiver, not the Church; and for this it would not be necessary that it should be a priest who receives, but it would be sufficient if the person who receives were a layman.

With regard, then, to the question *how* is the Mass a true and proper Sacrifice, or in other words, wherein consists the essence of the Sacrifice in the Mass, we understand from what has been said what is the opinion of Cardinal de Lugo. He regards the intrinsic character of a sacrifice in the Mass as consisting in this; that our Lord, by the ministry of His priests, who represent His Person, reduces Himself to the *sacramental state*, and gives His Body and Blood as *food* under the appearances of bread and wine. This opinion is in accordance with the teaching of the Fathers, and the language of the Liturgies of the Church in which they speak of the sacramental mode of existence, taken by our Lord, in its relation to the received notion of Sacrifice. This opinion of Cardinal de Lugo, which he was not by any means the first to propose, but which has been set forth by him with singular clearness, is regarded by Cardinal Franzelin as preferable to all, and presenting, as he thinks, altogether the true view of the question.

In the Consecration our Lord becomes present under the appearances in the state of Victim. "He took bread," says St. Irenæus, "and giving thanks said: 'This is My Body,' and the Chalice, in like manner, declaring: 'This is My Blood;'
and He taught the new oblation of the New Testament, which the Church receiving from the Apostles offers to God throughout the whole world."

St. Chrysostom, speaking of the words, *This is My Body*, says that this word changes what is placed upon the altar; and as the words, "Increase and multiply," pronounced once, gives to Nature for all time the power of reproduction, so the words, *This is My Body*, once pronounced, perfect His Sacrifice on every altar throughout the Church from that moment to the present, even to the time when He shall come again.

Our Lord, then, assumes the condition of Victim in the very act of assuming the sacramental state and mode of existence.

"The Lamb," are the words of St. Andrew, in the Epistle of the Priests of Achaia, "after He has been eaten and sacrificed, remains entire, and lives immaculate in His Kingdom." "Christ was sacrificed once," says St. Augustine, "under His own appearance, and yet every day He is sacrificed for the people in the Sacrament." "Living in Himself immortal and incorruptible," says St. Gregory the Great, "He is yet sacrificed again for us in this Mystery. His Body is there received; His flesh is distributed for the salvation of the people; His Blood is poured forth, no longer on the hands of infidels, but into the mouths of the faithful."

It is in the very preparation of the Body and Blood of Christ as our food, the Fathers teach us, that the Sacrifice itself resides. "Christ at the Last Supper," says St. Gregory of Nyssa, "anticipated the onslaught of the Jews, and, even then, offered Himself in Sacrifice, and laid down His Life; not indeed by dying, but by giving His Body in an ineffable manner as our food; for the Body in that condition is just as if It were inanimate. When then He gave to His disciples, as partaking of the Victim, His Body and Blood under the appearance of food, His Body was thereby in an ineffable manner sacrificed."

The same thought is expressed in brief by the author of the homily which appears amongst the works of St. Cyril of Alexandria. "He who was typically eaten in Egypt (as the Paschal Lamb), now (in the Eucharist) voluntarily sacrifices Himself, perpetually giving Himself as the Food of Life."

"He emptied Himself," says Dionysius of Alexandria (or whoever is the ancient author of the answers to Paul of Samosata), using the same expression as that used by St. Paul when speaking of the Incarnation of the Word, wherein without laying aside His Divinity He assumed Human Nature. The same expression is here used to note the intrinsic and essential character of the Sacrifice in which Christ offers Himself in the Eucharist. "He emptied Himself." This is the true description of the ineffable Mystery and the New Testament of God, wherein He gives Himself to us in the mystical Supper. This is the emptying of Himself by God for us, in order that we may receive Him. Of this tremendous Mystery does the Apostle speak, when he says: "He emptied Himself." The emptying of Himself, in the words of the Apostle, is the Mystery of Life, received by us from His immaculate and incorruptible and Divine hands. "This emptying of Himself

does not mean any change in Himself, but our renewal by His emptying Himself, whereby, emptying Himself He has favoured us. The Holy Spirit, who is poured forth upon all flesh, remains full; so also Jesus Christ, pouring forth His holy and life-giving Blood from the depth of His Divine Side, remains full even whilst He empties Himself; whilst He pours forth upon us His incorruptible and living and life-giving Blood."

The opinion, then, expressed by Cardinal de Lugo is amply borne out by the Fathers. It is also strongly supported by an important body of theologians. Cardinal Franzelin regards it as surprising that any doubt can be entertained upon the question, whether the essential character of a sacrifice is to be found, not merely sufficiently, but even pre-eminently, in the sacramental state and mode of existence which our Lord assumes.

Let us only consider the condition in which Christ our Lord, our High Priest, presents Himself in the Consecration. The First-born of every creature, the Head of the Church, holding primacy in all things, He gives Himself to His Church by His ministers, His priests, to be placed in such a mode of existence, under the appearances of bread and wine, truly in the condition of food. Every connatural act of bodily life depending on the senses is thereby at an end. His Body and Blood, in so far as His Presence is dependent upon the appearances, is left to the will of His creatures just as if it were a thing inanimate. He places Himself in such a condition that He, the High Priest of the whole Church, expresses in His own most Sacred Body and Blood the supreme dominion of God, and the absolute dependence upon Him of every creature, of whom He Himself, the Man Jesus Christ, is the First-born. He expresses and exhibits in Himself the satisfaction consummated once for all upon the Cross by delivering up this His own Body and the pouring forth this His own Blood. This "emptying of Himself" in order to express the majesty of the absolute dominion of God and complete satisfaction for our sins, presents itself, not only with sufficient evidence, as truly and properly a Sacrifice; but, furthermore, with the exception alone of the Sacrifice of the Cross, no more sublime and profound character of a true and proper sacrifice can be conceived.

A Visit to the Pearl Fishery Coast.

PART THE THIRD.

THE next morning we left Manapad, and proceeded on our journey in a southerly direction. This time I was not the only passenger in the *tony*. Father Barbier went by land in a conveyance drawn by oxen, but Father Provincial preferred to go by water. Again we saw *catimaran*s, with the busy paddler striking the water with his paddle in even cadence, beside the dark figure of the fisher, erect and wiry, like the weird conceptions of Ary Scheffer. In about two hours we reached our destination.

At Periataley a vast concourse of people awaited us on the beach. Nothing could be seen but a surging mass of black heads and shoulders, over which multi-coloured banners and streamers fluttered in the sun. As soon as we landed, we attempted to make our way through the crowd, but it was no easy task to stem the tide of human beings. The whole village had turned out, filling all the space between us and the church, and overflowing into the adjacent fields. The little children flocked up to the *Peria Swami*, who made the sign of the Cross on their foreheads. This delighted them to such an extent that in making good their retreat, they stumbled up against the legs of their elders in the rear, and upset their balance. But some one in authority appeared upon the scene to clear a passage; right and left he dealt resounding thumps on the shoulders of his fellow-countrymen, and arranged them in double file. The men marched along gravely, wrapped in their cloths; then came the children, for the most part innocent of any garment whatsoever. But several of the choir boys had got on a short shirt, and exceedingly proud they were of this. Those who had not been able to gratify their vanity in a similar manner, carried a banner by way of compensation.

The church was full of women, squatting on their heels. The men slipped in wherever standing room was to be found, and a

great number of children were hoisted up on to their fathers' shoulders. At the door we found Father Superior, who had just arrived, together with Father Selvanader, the priest of the district, an Indian. As we slowly advanced up the centre of the church, the worthy Paravers might be seen crowding together so closely that they could hardly breathe, for the sake of getting near us and touching the hem of our garments with one hand, which they afterwards raised respectfully to their lips. Father Michel, accompanied by an acolyte carrying the holy water vessel, made his way down the church again, to bless the people. "Give them a good sprinkling," Father Selvanader whispered to him as he handed him the brush; "unless they all get a few drops they will not be satisfied." In fact I saw some actually cheating, for they spread out their hands to catch the drops of holy water which ought by rights to have fallen on their neighbours.

Benediction was then given with a relic of the True Cross, enshrined in a reliquary in the shape of a monstrance. Indians when at prayer, raise their voice in proportion to the warmth of their devotion. During Benediction, as at the Consecration in the Mass, the outburst of fervour astounds one when heard for the first time. Every one says his prayers aloud, without in the least heeding his neighbour. The result is at first a mournful, monotonous sound which, rising gradually, presently culminates in an outburst of prayers, sighs, and ejaculations addressed to Heaven; this gradually subsides, and after rising and falling again several times, at length dies away in a lingering repetition of the word *Swami! Swami!* (Lord). Not for a moment do the Indians doubt that blessings are showered down by the Lord of Heaven in answer to these prayers; they express this simple confidence by the most original gestures. Thus they will stretch out their hands towards the monstrance and then lay them on their head or breast, as if to impress upon their persons the graces received from the altar. Mothers may be seen to hold out their infants towards the Sacred Host, and then pass their hands—filled as they believe them to be with celestial favours—again and again over the heads of the cherished nurslings.

Our formal reception was held in the presbytery, which adjoins the church. No sooner was the door opened than a general rush took place, and as many of the inhabitants of the village as the room could possibly hold found themselves on their

knees before the four armchairs whereon we were seated. At first every head was bent in lowly reverence, except that of a fat sheep, decked out with ribbons and flowers, which stood staring fixedly at us. It was a gift destined for the visitors. Then a garland of jessamine was put round our necks, small sweet-scented lemons were placed in our hands, and perfumes sprinkled on us. The more important the person, the more lavish the sprinkling. This Father Michel had reason to know. In vain did he hold up his hat as an umbrella; the master of ceremonies, with great solemnity, continued relentlessly to bespatter him with fragrant drops. Then five or six baskets were laid at our feet containing various gifts; betel-leaves, bananas and other fruits, candied palm-sugar, beautiful and rare shells, &c. Finally, one of the chief men of the village, still kneeling, produced a palm-leaf, whereon was inscribed the address to be read to us. In Southern India this species of papyrus, furnished by the trees indigenous to the soil, is much used. The Indians trace the Tamoul characters upon it with a style almost as quickly as we write upon paper. Then they cover it with an acid that turns the writing black, without affecting the smooth surface of the leaf. The address written on these leaves was a business-like affair. After a preamble couched in the flowery language of the East, in which our faces were compared to the sun, our eyes to the stars, our feet to lotus-flowers, came a report of the state of the mission and the spiritual needs of the community.

The church of Periataley contains the tombs of four Jesuits of the last century. The principal of these, Father Thomassin, who died in 1775, was a man of note in these regions. The Christians all regard him as their patron, and the heathen have such an idea of his supernatural powers that they have given him a place among the local deities by the side of Vishnu, and invoke him as the god of rain.

When we got into our palanquins on leaving Periataley, two choirs struck up respectively the *Gloria Patri* and the tune of *Marlbrook s'en va-t-en guerre*. I cannot say that the effect was pleasing to our ears, but I have no doubt that the performers themselves considered the combination most melodious. For the matter of that, it certainly does not do to judge Indian music by European ideas.

The natives on their part think our music tame. They delight above all things in the drums and bagpipes of their own

country. The former of these often consist in saucepans or metal pots, which they go on beating for hours together. In heathen festivities these instruments play an important part. Many and many a time have I seen of a night, from the terrace of our College at Trichinopoly, an immense number of people wending their way along the shore of the sacred lake by the light of torches and Bengal fires, uttering frightful shrieks, and making a horrible din with various discordant instruments. The bagpipes are chiefly used at heathen funerals. The listener might imagine that the mouth of Hell had opened to swallow up a soul, and through the dark and yawning gulf some faint echo reached his ears of the cries of the lost in torment down below.

The Indians are very proud of their proficiency in the musical art. They often asked me whether in France we had violins, drums, and flutes like theirs. I always answered that we had not.

It had been decided that after our visit to Periataley, we should leave the Paravers on the coast, and go amongst the Sanard population of the interior. In the afternoon of the 17th of December we got into our palanquins, and our porters started off at a brisk pace through the groves of palm-trees.

Our road lay by the side of a pretty lake, not far from the sea. From time to time, through a break in the trees, we caught a glimpse of the shore, and beyond it the broad belt of blue stretching far away to the horizon, where, paled and softened, it is lost in the azure vault of heaven. The forest itself is most picturesque. The sandy soil, driven into ridges by the rough ocean gales, resembles the sea in its innumerable wave-like undulations, reaching as far as the eye can see; by its side is the small, still lake, dedicated to Our Lady of the Sands, over whose clear surface birds of brilliant plumage lightly skim, uttering their shrill note; above rise the slender palms, like lofty columns, with their crest of feathery verdure bending in graceful curves. In our enjoyment of the beautiful and brilliant scene which the hand of God had created out of trees and sand, sun and sky, we forgot all about the roughness of the road and the jolting of the palanquin.

After a journey of several hours we entered a long valley, on each side of which were rows of huts, half hidden by the thorny cactus and the thick leaves of the banana. Triumphant arches, fluttering streamers, drums, petards, a merry chattering

crowd, through which as the *Peria Swami* gave his blessing a wave of movement ran, like that which runs over a wheat-field in the wind : this was the first we saw of *Sokenkudirupu*. We were much struck by the singular effect produced by the extraordinarily large size of the holes made in the people's ears by their ear-rings ; the weight of these heavy ornaments drags down the lobe of the ear, elongating it until its tip almost touches the shoulder. We noticed some little girls the holes in whose ears were so large that they could really have put their hand through them. Occasionally, we were told, the fleshy part of the ear is torn through by the ponderous jewels suspended in them. As this misfortune, if it happens to a woman, renders her unmarriageable, in every village there is a mender of ears, who drives a brisk trade. It is no uncommon thing in India to see women with their ears thus disfigured, but before coming to this village I never remember noticing it in the case of men. I suppose it results from the desire to wear as many jewels as possible on the person. Our friends the *Sanards*, like almost all Indians, have the principal part of their fortune in the form of jewels or precious stones. The women wear rings on their toes as well as on their fingers, in their noses as well as in their ears. One dislikes this very much when one first sees it, but many Europeans, it appears, get quite accustomed to it after a time.

Thirty years ago, a Catholic priest venturing to show himself in this village would have been received with coldness, if not actual hostility. Now the arrival of a missionary is the great event of the year. This change is owing to the influence of *Father Guchen*, a priest who resides several days' journey from here. We shall visit him later on. *Father Mengelle* and *Father Gosselin* did the honours of their bungalow, the walls of which are made of sun-baked clay, and the roof of dried palm-leaves. The missionary, in his voluntary exile in a distant land, is far from forgetting the land of his birth. He may love the country where zeal for the salvation of souls holds him captive, and where he hopes to fall asleep in the peace of God when his labours are ended. But nothing extinguishes his affection for his native place and for the parents who watched over his early years ; and the heart long since dead to self and to the world, warms at the first mention of the sacred memories of home and country. With what eagerness did these two French missionaries listen to and question the visitors who brought them tidings of the land they had left ! Accustomed for years to hear nothing

but a foreign language, the sound of their mother-tongue was of itself most welcome to their ears, and for a few brief hours they lived again in imagination the happy life in France, the bright days now gone for ever.

But Father Provincial in his turn desired to hear from them an account of their apostolate. I shall repeat from memory a portion of what they related to him, which bears upon the state of religion in Southern Hindustan.

"Our *pangou*" (district), they said, "comprises only villages peopled exclusively by Sanards. When a caste is entirely heathen, the missionary experiences great difficulty in making any impression on it. The Indian cannot bring himself to forsake his religion, because it is the soul of the caste, and his caste is more to him than anything else. He knows that were he to embrace Christianity, he would be shunned by his family and friends. If he is unmarried, he cuts himself off from marriage, for the members of his caste would reject his proposals with horror, and in India the different castes do not intermarry. But when once converts have been made, the difficulty is removed. Then the neophyte, if driven out of a heathen village, will be received in a Christian village; if a heathen father refuses to give him his daughter, he can find a wife in some Christian family.

"This is how matters stand at present with the Sanards. A considerable proportion of them have already renounced their false gods, and amongst the remainder there is a movement towards Christianity which gains strength day by day. Seldom does a month pass without a deputation from some heathen village coming to us, or to the priests of neighbouring missions, to ask for instruction and baptism. There is a vast work to be done, and we are too few in number to accomplish it. It is in vain to hope for a sufficient number of priests, but it would materially assist the spread of the Gospel, if we could send catechists to the villages whose inhabitants are desirous of becoming Catholics, who could prepare the catechumens for baptism. Some months later the priest might go and baptize those who were sufficiently instructed. But these catechists, for the most part married men, would require a salary of three hundred francs (£15) a year, and this sum, small as it may appear, is nevertheless beyond our means. Meanwhile the Protestant ministers, who have almost unlimited sums at their disposal, send to these villages their catechists,

to whom they pay five hundred or six hundred francs a year. The heathen, unaware of the deception practised on them, abjure paganism only to embrace heresy. Whether the south of India will ultimately be Protestant or Catholic is a question which would cause us serious anxiety, did we not trust in the help of God and of our fellow-Christians. During the famine of 1877, the rice and rupees freely distributed by our rivals, gained many adherents for their sect. These converts, however, not having acted from conviction, but from interested motives, soon fell away. Day by day we see the edifice about which the ministers spoke so boastfully, crumbling away; the Indians despise a religion which they term a religion of money. Some return to their idol-worship, a greater number come to us. God only knows how bitter it is to us to see a Protestant catechist establishing himself amongst the very people who have applied to us for religious instruction, and to whom the lack of means for his support alone prevents us from sending a Catholic catechist."

We would willingly have listened longer to the interesting details given by the good missionaries, but the lateness of the hour warned us to retire to rest. We could not all be accommodated in the bungalow, owing to its narrow dimensions, so Father Gosselin conducted me to a barn, where he and I were to pass the night. The rain made its way through the thatch of palm-leaves, and a number of bats, alarmed or angered by the light of our candles, flew wildly about our heads. But who could complain of these trifling disagreeables in the company of a missionary who had not always even the shelter of a barn to protect him?

On the following morning Father Provincial was called upon to administer Baptism to forty adults who had been for several months under instruction. They were placed before the altar-rail, the men on one side, the women on the other. I was struck with the air of refinement observable in the women, and their graceful, modest demeanour, as they stood wrapped in their long veils of white or red cotton, their eyes bashfully cast down.

There was something indescribably touching about the simple ceremony. Those who have been brought up in a Catholic country are accustomed to associate Baptism with newly-born infants, innocent of all guilt save that of original sin. The impression made by the sacrament is very different

when, in a heathen land, one sees for the first time the regenerating water poured on the foreheads of heathens, who have made sorrowful experience of the tyranny of the devil, and who in the full consciousness of age and reason, ask to be delivered from it. Who can depict the delight with which they listen to the words of the priest, who breaks their fetters and bids them go free? The forty bronze faces before us with their large intelligent eyes, literally beamed with happiness. When the question, translated into Tamoul by a catechist, "Do you renounce Satan?" was put to them, these catechumens gave vent to their fervour in an emphatic assent; a *yes* of heartfelt joy, a *yes* of intense relief, broke from their lips. The voice of the Father Provincial quivered with emotion, as in virtue of the power conferred on him by the Church, he bade the prince of darkness depart: *Fuge, immunde spiritus*, and with his hand opened the gates of Heaven to these regenerate souls, now sons of God and happy children of the Church.

The heathen are conscious of being under the dominion of the devil, and they feel the yoke to be most galling. Possessions, apparitions of unclean spirits, mysterious maladies, are very common among them. I shall give no examples of these, for the annals of our missions are full of them. They are often read with an incredulous smile by Christians in a Catholic country, where the Holy Sacrifice daily offered upon our altars, delivers us from the dominion of Satan. But the heathen, daily witnesses or victims of the marvels wrought by diabolical agency, judge of them more justly.

One day at Trichinopoly, a group of young Brahmans, desirous of hearing my opinion on such matters, asked me if I, as a *Swami*, believed in the devil. Poor fellows! they believed in him firmly, as firmly as I did, perhaps even more firmly, and they had good reason for this, as they related to me things which made me shudder. "My dear boys," I said to them, "since the devil is so much to be dreaded, let us take heed to live in such a manner that we may not, at our death, go to be with him for all eternity in Hell." I observed that one of my hearers changed colour, and his countenance assumed an expression of profound dejection. He turned aside as if to avoid my eye, and presently withdrew. He had always seemed to me a good, innocent lad. From that day forth I regarded him with the sincerest pity.

In the evening the great *sandipou*, or formal reception, was

held. A carpet consisting of white cloth was laid down from our house to the church, and we proceeded thither amid shouting, dancing, and most horrible music. We took our seats beneath the *pandel*, a sort of canopy made of bamboo-canes and palm-leaf mats, erected at the church door. The whole village was there, gazing with eager eyes at the strange *Swamis*. On a signal being given, the whole assembly fell on their knees. The proceedings were opened by two sweet little children, who recited a dialogue in which we were again informed that our heads were like the summit of majestic palms swaying in the wind, and our feet beautiful as the lotus-flower. By dint of hearing this continually we shall end by believing it. I will pass over the various ceremonies, and speak of some of the games which concluded them.

The first was a dance, performed by twelve men, stalwart black fellows, who described the most intricate figures with wonderful agility. They have small bells attached to their ankles, and every one of the dancers holds in each hand a short staff, with which he has to strike those held by his fellow-dancers in measured cadence, each time the evolutions of the dance bring him face to face with them. Whether they meet and mingle, cross one another, or turn a pirouette with marvellous rapidity, the movements of these men are so well timed that all the twenty-four staves ring on each other at the same moment, so that it sounds as if one blow was struck. I noticed one dancer who had dropped a silk handkerchief, pick it up in Indian fashion, that is to say, with his toes, flinging it upward and catching it in his hand with such dexterity that the regularity of his movements was not in the least interfered with, nor the accuracy with which he struck his comrades' staves at the given moment.

Later on two Sanards climbed two palm-trees of equal height. They did not touch the tree with either their arms or their legs, but only with the palms of their hands and the soles of their feet, all the rest of their person being entirely separate from it. In order to keep their feet together, they had put them into a flexible ring of palm-fibre; this enabled them to clasp the stem as if with pincers. One of the climbers slipped several times on coming to a part of the trunk which was wet; the other competitor meanwhile reached the crown of leaves, and was proclaimed victor.

Shortly after this réunion, we saw our three carriages

awaiting us in the court of the bungalow. The drivers had hard work to get clear of the crowd that followed us, shouting, gesticulating, and frightening the oxen.

With the exception of a few *chevaux de luxe* kept by the English, oxen are the only animals ever employed to draw vehicles in this country. It is a pretty sight to see them start off at full gallop, bending down their necks, making the reins dance upon their white hump or tattooed flanks. The Indians take great delight in the shape of their horns, which are in the form of a crescent or a lyre, and are ornamented with glittering metal pendants. We slackened our pace a little for the sake of the people, numbers of whom accompanied us on our way. As soon, however, as they descried through the curtain of palm-trees, the inhabitants of another village advancing to meet us, they fell on their knees, and begged a final blessing from Father Provincial. Then we went on to Potenkaleviley, which we reached at nightfall.

This village is poor beyond all description. It is situated at the farthest end of Father Mengelle's district, and only four times during this year had a missionary been there. Four Masses a year is poor allowance for the Indians, who are so fond of services, and would remain in the church, the men as well as the women, for hours at a time without being tired. Every time that a priest comes, the greater number go to confession and communion. In fact, no sooner had we arrived, than Father Superior and Father Mengelle were asked for in the confessional. The men all went first, the Church grants them this right.

The little *pied-à-terre* of the Fathers at Potenkaleviley consists only of two rooms. Accordingly Father Provincial slept in the open air, under the verandah. I spread my mat close by, and was glad to find that I had nothing to dread from cobras and scorpions, against which one must always be on one's guard at night in India. Had there been any here, they would never have allowed the huge spiders to spin their slender webs under the eaves of the house, from which I received a shower of fine dust on my face, as often as a gust of wind made the roof creak and rattle.

The next morning, Father Superior baptized ten heathens who had not been able to get here in time the evening before. After Mass, the *sandipou* was held. I cannot pass this over without mention, on account of the part I was unexpectedly

called to play in it. When all the good Sanards had assembled, and were pressing closely around us, one of them said, addressing the Father Visitor:

"*Swami*, it is almost the end of December now, and until this morning, we have only had Mass here four times during the whole year. We know how difficult it is for the priest to come often, because our village is so far off. Now if he had a carriage in one of the neighbouring villages, whenever he was there he could strain a point and come on to us, without losing much time. But, *Swami*, we are too poor to buy him a carriage.

"Then, again, the Father often arrives unexpectedly, and can seldom stay more than one day. This is all very well for us who live in the village, but those who live a long way off, in the forest, cannot hear of it in time, and thus they lose Mass. This is a great misfortune for them, and especially for those who may perhaps die before the priest comes again. Ah! if we had a bell, a large bell that could be heard at a great distance, we would ring it as soon as we knew that the Father was coming, then all who heard it in the forest would tell those who were still further off, and all could get here in the evening or during the night, so as to be in time for Mass in the morning. What a happy thing that would be! But unfortunately, bells are not made in this country, and we are too poor to have one sent. When you go back to France, and the Christians ask about your children at Potenkalenviley, do not forget our bell, *Swami*."

This was said in Tamoul, but there was such pathos in the voice of the speaker, so much that was touching in the sight of the men, women, and children kneeling at our feet, with clasped hands and faces full of entreaty, that Father Provincial and I, ignorant though we were of the language, felt our hearts strangely moved. As for Father Superior, he could hardly control his emotion as he translated for us the prayer of these poor suppliants. Must he send them away, like so many others, with empty promises? Father Provincial hesitated. At this moment a happy thought struck Father Barbier. "My good friends," he replied in Tamoul, "The *Peria Swami* (great Swami) is overdone with requests of this kind in every village he visits; he cannot help all his dear children as he fain would. But here," pointing to me, "is a *sinna Swami* (little Swami) who is soon going back to France; suppose you get him to plead on

your behalf." Instantly all the heads turned in my direction, the arms were stretched out towards me. There was a general outburst of entreaty, in which all I could distinguish was, "*sinna Swami ! sinna Swami !*" I saw a tear trickle down Father Provincial's cheek. As for me, I shook my head, coughed, and did all I could to look stolid. But it was no easy matter to deceive the hundreds of eager eyes fixed on mine. There was nothing for it but to give in ; I undertook to collect subscriptions for the bell, the conveyance, and the oxen.

I am glad to be able to say that the charity of the French did not fall short of Father Superior's expectations, and my commission was successfully executed. Some months later, Father Mengelle wrote from Potenkaleviley, "I hear that the bell is on its way to us. How proud our people will be of it ! And how astonished the heathen will be to hear the voice of God echoing through the forest ! But the first thing the tongue of the bell will say to us will be, Pray for her who has sent me from afar to ring out the praises of God in your midst."

On leaving Potenkaleviley we did not bid farewell to Father Mengelle, as we were to meet him again two days later, at the other extremity of his district. I will not describe our triumphant entry into the large village of Satancoulam ; the Christian portion of the inhabitants, all recent converts, marched us slowly through the Mussulman and Protestant quarters. We were accompanied for about an hour by a number of pariahs, who ran by our side dancing the whole time. They had little bells on their ankles, and in their hands a kind of tambourine, which they beat in cadence, turning pirouettes incessantly meanwhile, and leaping to a prodigious height. Sometimes they came to a standstill suddenly at the door of our conveyances, and endeavoured to attract our attention by bows and gesticulations. If one appeared to notice them, a broad smile lit up their swarthy features, displaying the dazzling whiteness of their teeth. To judge by the grotesque and exaggerated vehemence of their gambols whenever they saw we were looking at them, they were saying to themselves that we had never seen anything like this in Europe. And indeed they were not far wrong.

At length we halted before a low, massive building ; it was the church, at the door of which Father Nicholas and Father Guchen were awaiting us. Father Nicholas has the charge of the mission of Pudur, recently separated from Father Guchen's

district. In not one of the many villages composing it has he any place where he can offer us hospitality, and often he is obliged himself to pass the night in his carriage at the entrance of a village, after the fashion of our hawkers.

The good old Father Guchen is well known in all this part of the country. He is the benefactor and father of all, the patriarch of Southern India. In hundreds of villages all the Christians, from old men to tiny children, have been baptized by him. Thus he is universally loved and respected; every one rises on his approach and greets him with a smile of welcome. He has worked wonders in the forty years during which he has been going about the country; pagodas have disappeared, churches have sprung up, the miserable have been comforted, and the dying have gone to Heaven. The austerity of his life astonishes the Indians, they cannot understand how any man can sleep so little and pray so much. But they are irresistibly attracted by his kindness. I do not know what made me picture to myself this winner of souls as a severe ascetic. My surprise was great when I saw his refined and gentle countenance, with snow-white hair and beard, and the kindest of smiles. We were never weary of listening to his conversation. You should only have heard him relate his adventures in his picturesque style, replete with Eastern imagery and pervaded with a strain of light-hearted cheerfulness. Many were the anecdotes he narrated about all manner of things; the devils he had cast out, the actions brought against him by heathens and Protestants, the marvellous manner in which Providence had preserved his life on various occasions. Times without number he has been followed, tracked, and beaten, by persons said to be in the pay of the Protestant ministers. Father Superior reminded him that one day he was left for dead on the pavement. "I was not worthy to lay down my life for our Lord," was his simple reply.

Twenty-five years ago, the whole of the population of Satancoulam were either heathens or Mussulmans. At the present time there are more than a thousand Catholics in the place itself, and nearly fifteen thousand in the district belonging to it. This district has had to be subdivided twice already, as it had outgrown the powers of the good missionary in charge of it. It was a hard trial to him to have the children he had given to Jesus Christ taken from him. And yet his Superior, whilst expressing his regret at

depriving him of a portion of his flock, expressed the hope that a further dismemberment of the district might be necessary at no very distant period.

On the evening of our arrival, Father Guchen brought seventy-five catechumens to Father Visitor to be baptized, and on the next morning seventy-three more. The ever-increasing number of his converts, and the apostolic ardour—undiminished by forty years of missionary labour, by which this exemplary old man is animated—render it probable that the wish of his Superior will shortly be realized. After spending two days under his hospitable roof, we took leave of him, and proceeded on our way to Tisseianviley, where Father Mengelle was awaiting us.

It was almost night when we reached this village. The church is a mere barn, unpaved and unfloored, with a wooden altar, pewter candlesticks, and pasteboard images. Father Provincial gave the Benediction with a wretched little statuette of the Blessed Virgin. As we had no house there, the church had to serve us for a dormitory. As I lay and listened to the wind sweeping through the bamboos and palm-leaves of the roof, I remembered how St. Francis Xavier loved to sleep thus, at the foot of the altar, and the rough blast raging outside spoke to me of the poverty which ever since the night that saw the birth of Christ at Bethlehem, ought to attend the steps of the missionary.

After having visited the principal villages of this district, we directed our course again, on the 22nd, towards the sea. The first Paraver village we came to on the coast was Obary. Father Fernandez, one of our Indian Fathers, of the Rajahputra caste, possesses all the impetuous energy of his race. He is in charge of all this part of the country, down to Cape Comorin. He came to meet us with a band of little children, who followed our carriages chanting the catechism. On the beach all the people fell on their knees when we arrived, exclaiming: "Praised be Jesus Christ!" Then the Confraternity of St. Anthony clustered round us, and formed into two files, to escort us to the church. Their powerful but untrained voices, accustomed to shout from *catimaran* to *catimaran*, making themselves heard above the howling tempest, joined in singing the *Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini*. They were the finest men in the village; each one carried a small banner, and was attired in a white tunic which came down to the knees, with a wide red ribbon round

his neck and a small pewter coronet on his head ; the legs and feet were bare. As, marching slowly along, they passed before their wives and children, the most naïve expressions of admiration were heard on all sides.

When darkness was closing in, we walked along the beach as far as a little chapel dedicated to St. Anthony. The Indians have an unbounded devotion to this Saint, which they learnt of their former governors, the Portuguese. Many heathens actually think that St. Anthony is the God of the Christians. I remember hearing a missionary say that upon one occasion, seeing an eagle swooping down on his poultry-yard, he ordered a man to take a gun and shoot the marauder. Now this bird is sacred for the Hindus, ever since Vishnu, in one of his avatars, came down from heaven on the wings of an eagle. Consequently a heathen, seeing his divinity laid low by a bullet, came running to the Father, and loaded him with reproaches. He ended with an argument that he considered unanswerable ; "What should you say," he asked, "if I served your Anthony so?" "The first time," replied the Father, "that you see my Anthony making a raid on your chickens, shoot him at once, and if he upbraids you, tell him that I gave you permission to do so."

The next morning we quitted Obary. The little Paravers ran alongside of our carriages for some time. As the wind was chilly, and their garments were of the slightest description, some of them shivered with cold ; I noticed one of the youngest folded his arms over his chest to keep a little warmth in him. His brother, a child scarcely bigger than he was, saw this ; drawing him aside, he tenderly threw round the little fellow's shoulders the end of the scarlet cloth he was wearing. Then cuddled closely together, wrapped in the same cloak, they set off at a quick pace to rejoin their bigger comrades, quite unconscious that we had observed and admired this graceful act of fraternal affection.

Towards evening our road led us through a Mussulman village. The men stared rudely at us ; the women too did not seem over well inclined towards us. The Mussulman women lack the bashfulness and modesty which distinguish the Indians, even the heathen ; nor have they the black veil with two holes for the eyes that forms a substitute for those virtues in the case of their Egyptian co-religionists.

The Mohammedans of India have a fierce, truculent air

and their children are bold-looking and remarkably impudent; we always knew them by this at Trichinopoly, when they were tumbling about in the dust in front of their dirty dwellings. They are of a muscular build, with wide, flat faces. The Indians on the contrary are gentle and peace-loving, rather inclined to be indolent and obsequious. They resemble the European type. The Brahmans may be recognized by their finely-cut features, and their distinguished bearing, gait, and gestures. The colour of Hindus and Mohammedans is much the same; it varies from the jet black of the African Somalis to the coppery yellow of the Chinese. The Pariahs and people of a low caste have the darkest skin, while the higher castes, the Brahmans above all, have a comparatively light complexion. This fact is a strong argument in confirmation of the opinion that the lower castes are descended from the aboriginal tribes of India, and consequently have from time immemorial been subjected to the influence of its sun and climate; whereas the Brahmans, of Aryan descent, did not take up their abode in the country until a much later period. The higher castes probably spring from the intermarriage of Aryans and the primitive inhabitants.

In Southern India the Mohammedans generally shave their heads, or at least cut their hair quite short, and let their beards grow. The Indians, on the contrary, shave off their beards, while their hair falls in wavy, blue-black masses down to their waist. It is only to be seen thus, however, when left loose to dry after their daily bath; at other times it is gathered up in a knot at the back of the head. The turban is a head-dress common to Mussulmans and Hindus, but both the one and the other will expose their bare head the whole day long with impunity to a scorching sun, a few minutes of exposure to which would prove fatal to a European.

It appears that in the northern provinces of India the Mohammedans have of late years displayed great ardour for learning. But in the Madras Presidency they are sadly behind-hand in regard to education, and only send their children to school with great reluctance, while the natives vie with Europeans in founding schools. In our College at Trichinopoly there are not more than thirty Mussulmans against two hundred and fifty Catholics and above nine hundred heathens. Nor is the proportion of Mussulmans greater in the Protestant school, and as for the native college, appropriated exclusively to heathens, they will not set their foot in it.

Left to themselves, the Hindus would never think of rebelling against the English, under whose rule they live at peace. And if they were excited to revolt by foreign influence, the British Government would not have much to fear from them. With the Mussulmans it is otherwise. This turbulent and vindictive race cannot forget that at one time the crescent dominated the whole peninsula; and even if not sufficiently strong to regain the power, they might at least prove very troublesome to the present holders of it. In the case of war between England and Russia, the support of the fifty millions of Mussulmans in India, given to one or other of the two belligerents, would probably turn the scale in its favour. Accordingly it is the endeavour of the Government to attach to itself the Mussulman princes to whom the command of large provinces is committed, notably the Nizam of Hyderabad, the most powerful of all. Their fidelity is not to be relied on, and therefore the policy of the authorities is to show favour to the subjects who are most to be dreaded at the expense of the others. When disputes arise between Hindus and Mohammedans, the magistrates more often than not give judgment for the latter. One thing is certain, that if the British power in India were overthrown nothing short of a miracle could prevent the Catholic religion from perishing in its ruins.

At the present moment Hindus of every caste (excepting the Brahmins, of whose exceptional position I shall presently speak) are abandoning the worship of idols, while the conversion of the Mussulmans seems here as elsewhere, entirely hopeless. There is little doubt that the first in Southern India who should become a Christian, would have to pay for the grace of Baptism with his blood. One of our Indian Fathers who, like our other missionaries, wears a beard, was one day accosted in the streets of Trichinopoly by a man wearing a turban, who inquired whether he had not ever been a Mussulman? "Never," replied the Father, "but why do you ask?" "Because," rejoined the stranger, "if you had been a renegade I should instantly have run you through the heart."

After what has been said no wonder that the missionary does not care to stay out late in the proximity of a mosque. Accordingly we pushed on as quickly as we could to Edindagarey, where the hearty welcome we received from the Paravers dispelled the unpleasant impression made by the Mohammedans.

On leaving Edindagarey on the morning of the 24th we again bade adieu to the sea. As we passed through a thicket of palm-trees, some one hundred and forty pariahs came forth from their huts to ask our blessing. These unfortunate outcasts would not think of making their home in a Paraver village; caste prejudice is still too strong to allow of such intercourse, even among Christians.

No terms are too forcible to express the contempt in which the poor pariahs are held. Two converted Brahmins once endeavoured to prove to me that the members of this caste were morally and physically unclean. Nothing I could say availed to shake this deep-rooted and ridiculous idea. A few years ago custom required a pariah to avoid meeting a Brahman, lest his eyes should be defiled by resting on him. If he perceived a Brahman coming towards him in the distance, he had to take some by-road, turn aside into a rice plantation or a wood, enter the house of one of his caste, retrace his steps, at any rate efface himself until the exalted personage had passed by. European ideas have in great part done away with this custom, but one still finds traces of it. In our walks about Trichinopoly, it was no uncommon thing to meet groups of men or women who got out of our way by standing up against a wall or hedge, covering their mouths with their hands in order not to contaminate with their breath the air we inhaled. When we had passed they quietly went on their way, as if they had done the most natural thing in the world, without a murmur at this humiliating custom. They submit to it from force of habit, and have no wish to escape from their state of degradation. Nor did it occur to them that the strange Swamis they had saluted took any interest in them, or felt for them pity and affection.

I have had occasion to mention the *pandel*, or species of open porch erected at the door of Indian churches. One day a missionary, talking to a pariah woman who had recently been converted, exhorted her to lead a pious life so as to merit a good place in Heaven. "In Heaven, Swami!" exclaimed the poor woman, "a place in Heaven for me! Ah, that can never be. I shall be only too thankful if Almighty God will give me a place in His *pandel*."

The abolition of slavery has been for the Catholic Church the work of centuries. The complete social restitution of the pariah will prove a still longer and more difficult task. If I were to assert that it does not appear to me necessary, beyond

a certain limit, to the temporal and eternal happiness of those most closely concerned, every one would exclaim at the apparently monstrous paradox. Such is however my firm conviction; but to bring proofs in support of it would lead me too far. I will only say that the pariahs are perfectly satisfied with the political equality they enjoy under the English Government, and that their social inferiority is not in the least galling to them when they live on friendly terms with their Christian neighbours. Not in one thing but in all, they are content to be in the *pandel*.

As it was Christmas Eve we hastened onward in order to reach the town of Vadakenkoulam in time for the Midnight Mass. We were travelling almost the whole day, for the roads were broken up and the wheels of our carriages stuck so fast in the mud that we were obliged to help the drivers extricate them. As we passed by the ponds we saw aquatic birds wading about on their high stilts, and ever and anon in the hedges of cactus and aloe we caught a flash of colour from the wings of brilliantly-hued birds. These elegant creatures only please the eye, no note is heard, save the harsh cry of the green perroquets as they flit from tree to tree with inconceivable rapidity.

Reviews.

I.—THE LONDON CHARTERHOUSE.¹

THE brightest spot in all England in the dark days of the Retormation was the London Charterhouse. Doubtless there were many other religious houses in which God was served with like fervour and fidelity; but we know comparatively little of the interior life of other monasteries, and Providence has preserved for us a copious record of the virtues and the constancy of the Carthusians of London. They were, also, the last survivors of our ancient monasteries, for they may be said not to have died out until the end of the last century. Nominally it was the Charterhouse of Sheen that lived on in Flanders from the accession of Elizabeth to the French Revolution, but Dom Maurice Chauncy, a monk of the London Charterhouse, was made Prior of Sheen by Cardinal Pole, when he and good Queen Mary began to restore what King Henry had destroyed, and Prior Chauncy led his brethren into exile when Elizabeth undid her sister's work. Fortunately for us this good Prior became the historian of the suppression of his old monastery, the London Charterhouse, and of the martyrdom of his religious brethren. He has opened for us the doors of the house he loved so well, and we can see for ourselves its inmates personally and individually, the many good and fervent, the few weak and tepid, the life they lived when there was nothing to break their sense of security, the storm that fell on them suddenly and violently, and then how many amongst them resisted unto blood and were found faithful even unto death. Now that the Church has raised eighteen of the London Carthusians to the honours of her altars; now too, when a Charterhouse has once more been built on English soil and the white habit of St. Bruno is seen

¹ *The London Charterhouse: its Monks and its Martyrs, with a short account of the English Carthusians after the Dissolution.* By Dom Lawrence Hendriks, Monk of St. Hugh's Charterhouse, Sussex. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co., 1889.

and the rigour of the Carthusian Rule is kept in our midst, it is full time that we should know all that can be told us of the English Carthusians of ancient days. The monks of St. Hugh's Charterhouse at Parkminster are right in thinking that we should look to them to be the historians of their Order, and they are very nobly satisfying all our expectations. Last year they gave us, from the press of their brethren at Montreuil, a splendid edition of Prior Chauncy's book in the original Latin, and this year we have from the pen of Dom Lawrence Hendriks a handsome volume telling us in our own tongue all that is known of the history of the London Charterhouse. Will our gratitude look like a sense of future favours, if we say that there is yet more work for the Parkminster Fathers? The history of the London Charterhouse is told, but the other English Charterhouses are awaiting an historian, and we shall gladly welcome a fresh volume that may complete the story of the Carthusian Order in England.

Father Hendriks has drawn largely from Chauncy's interesting book, and of course there is nothing recorded in it of any consequence with which he does not make us familiar; but yet we cannot help indulging the hope that one day we may have an English translation of Chauncy in our hands. It would make a charming piece of spiritual reading, and the inmates of our religious houses would delight in it. Meanwhile we are thankful to Father Hendriks for the way in which he has worked it up as first-rate material in his history. And he has had recourse to all other available sources, so that his book is complete as admirable industry could make it. We can think only of a single passage bearing on his subject-matter which has been overlooked. There is in Stowe a record that in the reign of Edward the Sixth two priests were punished for having in their possession an arm that was labelled as having belonged to one of the Carthusian Martyrs. Can this have been the quarter of Blessed John Houghton, which was placed *in terrorem* over the gate of the Charterhouse? It seems more probable that it was so than, as Father Hendriks seems to fear, that it should have fallen into the hands of Hearne the antiquary, who "occasionally seeking in the dust and foundation of the present Charterhouse, now and then could not but meet with *a leg or an arm*." Such a phrase cannot be intended to indicate that he had come across relics in a small chest, hidden away together with the Martyr's blood-

stained hair-shirt, and a written account of the cause of his death. That a leg or an arm should occasionally be found in Pardon Churchyard and New Church Hawe is not surprising. The site of the London Charterhouse was a vast cemetery.

The passage in Stowe, as far as we are aware, has not been quoted before, and as it is of importance as showing that the Carthusians were regarded as Martyrs from the very first, and that their relics were carefully preserved, we give the words of it here. "The first of July, 1547, two Priests were arraigned and condemned in the Guildhall for keeping of certain Reliques, amongst the which there was a left arme and shoulder of a Monke of the Charterhouse; on the which arme was written. It was the arme of such a Monke which suffered Martirdome under king Henry the eight."¹

Father Hendriks has made use of valuable records copied from the originals in the Archives of the Grande Chartreuse and elsewhere. Some of these come in admirably to supplement documents which were accessible to us before, and their publication makes us feel how fitting it is that a Carthusian should have written about Carthusians. One example we must give, in the close correspondence of two documents, one written by Archdeacon Bedyll, and preserved amongst the Cottonian manuscripts in the British Museum, the other a document on parchment formerly in the possession of the English Carthusians in Flanders, which, in 1608, was called "an old manuscript," and has now been unearthed by Father Hendriks from the Appendix to Dom Arnold Havens' *History of the Carthusian Martyrs of Ruremond*. Bedyll wrote in 1537, on the 14th of June—the date must be attended to—that then, of the Martyrs whom Henry was killing in Newgate by scant food, chains, and filth: "There be departed: Brother William Greenwood, Dom John Davy, Brother Robert Salt, Brother Walter Pierson, Dom Thomas Green. There be even at the point of death: Brother Thomas Scriven, Brother Thomas Reding. There be sick: Dom Thomas Johnson, Brother William Horn. One is whole: Dom Beer." All ten here named by their persecutor are included in the number of our English Carthusian Martyrs whom the Church calls Blessed, and the day of their deaths is therefore important. The old Carthusian list assigns their martyrdoms to the following days:

¹ Stowe's *Annales*. London, 1631, p. 594.

June 6.	Blessed William Greenwood.
" 8.	" John Davy.
" 9.	" Robert Salt.
" 10.	" Walter Pierson.
" 10.	" Thomas Green.
" 15.	" Thomas Scriven.
" 16.	" Thomas Reding.
August 9.	" Richard Beer.
Sept. 20.	" Thomas Johnson.

The two documents now brought together correspond like an Indenture and its counterpart. The five Martyrs, whom Bedyll said were dead on the 14th of June, died on the 6th, 8th, 9th and 10th, and the two who on the 14th were "on the point of death" died the next day and the day after. The one who was then "whole" died on the 9th of August; one of the sick ones lingered to the 20th of September, and the other survived the miseries of Newgate to be hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn on the 4th of August, three years later. We trust that we may be pardoned for the suggestion that the Carthusian Order should apply to the Holy See for the insertion of all their English Martyrs in their Martyrology, each one on his own proper day. The Martyrs will thus be recalled to the memory of their brethren in religion when the Martyrology is recited in choir in the course of the Divine Office twelve times in the year instead of only once. The day chosen by the Holy See for the feast of the English Martyrs, to be celebrated through all England, is the 4th of May, on which the first blood was shed for the faith and for the authority of the Pope. Blessed John Houghton, the Prior of the London Charterhouse, was our Protomartyr. He was followed into the Kingdom of Heaven by the companions of his passion, two of whom were Carthusian Priors. The English Carthusians led the way gloriously, and if their courage had been shared by many instead of comparatively speaking by a few, Henry would have been foiled and there would have been no English schism.

Dom Lawence Hendriks has given us a valuable book, at once edifying and useful. The illustrations are interesting, especially those taken from the paintings at Granada. The Appendix of documents is just what it should be—by the way, where is Blessed John Houghton's letter (pp. 92, 366) taken from? The book itself is written in a simple, unaffected style, and is attractive reading, and the vicissitudes of the history

of our English Carthusians on the Continent keep up the interest of the book to the very end. The volume is excellently printed, and it has a good index and table of contents. We trust it may meet with the sale it deserves.

2.—LIFE AND LETTERS OF FATHER DAMIEN.¹

The interest that Father Damien's life of noble self-sacrifice has excited in England is not likely to die away. He has somehow laid hold of the English mind by an heroism that Englishmen especially appreciate. Even those who make it the end of life to promote their own selfish interests, cannot help admiring one whose aims were so great a contrast to their own. The pluck of the man, the carelessness of life, the devotion to a noble cause, the willingness to suffer in it even to the death, irresistibly attract even in the natural order. When we look a little behind the scenes, and learn that Father Damien's exterior work was but the fruit of long years of penance, of nights spent in prayer, of early piety gradually developing into a high degree of holiness, we find that in the supernatural order his life and work are still more worthy of our respect and admiration.

In the volume lately published by the Catholic Truth Society, the character and work of Father Damien are brought out very clearly before the reader. The sketch of his life is almost entirely drawn from materials furnished by his brother, Father Pamphile, and it is supplemented with letters from which we see the spirit that animated the Apostle of the Lepers in his glorious work. If we had to describe it in a word, we should say that it was a zeal which might have been mistaken for impulsiveness, if it had not been tested by length of time, and had not clearly proved by its persevering energy that it was the Holy Spirit which was leading Father Damien in every step of his career. He volunteered for the Sandwich Islands even before he was a priest, on the occasion of his brother, Father Pamphile, who belonged to the same Congregation, being prevented by severe illness from undertaking the journey.

His brother Damien, as though struck by a sudden inspiration, went to the sick man's bedside, and inquired whether it would

¹ *Life and Letters of Father Damien.* Edited, with Introduction, by his brother, Father Pamphile. London: Catholic Truth Society, 1889. Price One Shilling.

be a consolation to him if he should go in his place. On receiving an eager answer in the affirmative, he resolved to make an instant application for the appointment.

He did not take the advice of the Superiors of the house in which he was then residing, fearing their refusal, but he wrote at once to the Superior General in Paris, asking him for his brother's place, and begging him "not to throw away the passage-money." Much to the astonishment of the local Superior, an order came for his departure in his brother's stead. The letter arrived about dinner-time, and the Superior, rather annoyed, threw it to him in the refectory, saying, "It is rather silly of you to wish to go before you are a priest." But Damien, nothing daunted, snatched up the letter, and rushing to his brother's bedside, waved it over his head, exclaiming, "Yes, I am to go instead of you! I am to go instead of you!" Then, without waiting for his dinner, he set off to say good-bye to his family: for there was no time to lose if he was to catch the ship before it started from Bremerhaven. (pp. 43, 44.)

For this mission he had been preparing, not only by fervent prayer that God might deign to accept him for the work of the missions, but by the most earnest piety from infancy. At the age of four years he would go and hide himself that he might give himself uninterruptedly to prayer. As a boy he would take a board and place it in his bed by way of mortification, until his mother discovered and forbade it. His charity was universal, and he had the happy gift of making all around him happy. The following anecdote is characteristic:

An old woman of eighty has lately expressed to me her grateful remembrance of a signal service which my brother did her in old times. "We had," said she, "a sick cow, and the farrier left us no hope of saving her. We were in despair at the prospect of losing what was really our main support. But Joseph, hearing of our misfortune, installed himself in the patient's stable, and insisted on dismissing the butcher who was there to slaughter her; in fact, he took such tender care of the poor beast, staying all night in her stable without closing his eyes, that the next morning the danger was past, and in a few days she was quite cured. Joseph saved her!" In order to appreciate the greatness of the service, as felt by these poor people, we must remember that a good cow is worth a fortune to them. (pp. 29, 30.)

For ten years Father Damien laboured as a zealous missionary in Hawaii. It was not until 1873 that his special and exclusive work among the lepers began. Some years before a law had been passed establishing a leper colony completely isolated from all the rest of the islands of Hawaii. The condition of the lepers during the first years of this colony was something frightful.

Here they were doomed to live while life should last ; here they were doomed to die. This feeling of complete despair naturally had the very worst effect on their moral state. With scarcely anything they could call a home, almost destitute of clothing, and scarcely able to obtain the bare necessities of life, all crushed down by the weight of their loathsome disease, they in many cases gave themselves up to all the depravity that can be found among those whom poverty has reduced to the lowest depths of misery and squalor. In their wretched huts of grass they passed their days, drinking a vile alcohol of their own distilling ; without decent employment, without government of any kind, and what was worse, without religion. Nor could we expect them to escape the consequences of such an existence as this. Every kind of vice and lawlessness was rampant in this land of disease and sin ; and in this condition they lived, until the turn for each one came to die. (p. 85.)

Father Damien when he entered on his life among them was in the prime of life. "The buoyancy of youth was in his step and the flush of health on his cheek." For sixteen years he laboured night and day in the midst of those to whom he had devoted the strength of his vigorous manhood. What a task it was ! Even he at the beginning found it hard to overcome the sickening sights and foul odours which surrounded him. In one of his letters he says :

Leprosy, as far as is known, is incurable : it seems to begin by a corruption of the blood. Discoloured patches appear on the skin, especially on the cheeks ; and the parts affected lose their feeling. After a time, this discoloration covers the whole body ; then ulcers begin to open, chiefly at the extremities. The flesh is eaten away, and gives out a fetid odour ; even the breath of the leper becomes so foul that the air around is poisoned with it. I have had great difficulty in getting accustomed to such an atmosphere. One day, at the Sunday Mass, I found myself so stifled that I thought I must leave the altar to breathe a little of the outer air, but I restrained myself, thinking of our Lord when He commanded them to open the grave of Lazarus, notwithstanding Martha's words, *jam foetet*. Now my sense of smell does not cause me so much inconvenience, and I enter the huts of the lepers without difficulty. Sometimes, indeed, I still feel some repugnance when I have to hear the confessions of those near their end, whose wounds are full of maggots. Often, also, I scarce know how to administer Extreme Unction, when both hands and feet are nothing but raw wounds. (pp. 92, 93.)

We leave our readers to investigate for themselves the details of his life among his flock, how for thirteen years he escaped the disease, how in 1886 he discovered by a curious chance that

he himself was a leper, and how he still laboured on until on the 16th of April last the good shepherd gave his life for the sheep, a victim to the fell disease.

This Life, most interesting in itself, as the reader may gather from the extracts we have quoted, has a still greater interest from the fact that it is compiled mainly from materials furnished by Father Damien's brother, Father Pamphile, and that it contains a collection of his letters from the first schoolboy letter he ever wrote to one that was penned only a short time before his death.

3.—THE LIFE OF ST. ALONSO RODRIGUEZ.¹

Of the three Jesuits canonized in 1888, the one about whom least is known, is undoubtedly St. Alphonsus Rodriguez. On this account, therefore, apart from the intrinsic merits the book possesses, the new volume published in the Quarterly Series will prove a valuable addition to Catholic biography.

St. Alphonsus, or Alonso, as Father Goldie, employing the form the Saint always used as his signature, prefers to call him, was not a man who, like so many of his brethren in religion, gave up the prospect of a brilliant worldly career, and the advantages offered by noble birth, great wealth, a distinguished position, or extraordinary talents, in order to stifle worldly ambition and desires in the novitiate of the Society of Jesus. Nor was he one of those who from their very cradle are evidently destined to lead a life of perfection; on the contrary, he had engaged in the ordinary occupations of a secular life, he had been married, had children, and carried on business for many years before he even thought of asking admission as a lay-brother into the Society. And yet one can hardly imagine a life of more continual union with God, a life more truly supernatural, than that of the humble lay-brother, outwardly uneventful as it was, devoted to menial work, and passed almost entirely within the walls of the Jesuit house at Majorca.

Alonso was the child of Christian parents, a member of a large family, well and piously brought up. His early life was irreproachable; the care of his soul, attention to his

¹ *The Life of St. Alonso Rodriguez.* By Francis Goldie, S.J. London: Burns and Oates, Limited, 1889.

religious duties, being always preferred to temporal advantages. But it was not until his wife and children were taken from him, his business had failed, and difficulties thickened around him, that God called him to His special and exclusive service. A supernatural sense of the heinousness of sin, of the hollowness of all of which death can rob us, was given to Alonso. His past years seemed to him utterly wasted and misspent; to lead a life of penance and prayer became thenceforth the object of his desires and resolves. After several years spent in sorrow and seclusion, he sought admittance when forty years of age into the Society of Jesus; but his education was too deficient to allow of his reception as a scholastic, one, that is, who is to be raised to the priesthood, and his strength was so much broken down by austerities as to forbid the hope of his being useful as a lay-brother. His vocation was, however, so decided, and his fervour so great, that he was received at Valencia in 1571.

Great and very wonderful were the favours bestowed on Alonso at the very beginning of his spiritual life. High were the heights to which he was to be raised before the close of his long life; but even in his very noviceship he had reached a closeness of union with God such as is the lot only of a few. For in his account of his spiritual progress he says distinctly that the favours which he describes in detail, were granted to him previous to the assaults of the devil, and these assaults followed immediately on his taking his first vows.

He had spent three years after what he had called his conversion, with his mind ever full of the terrible evil which sin is in itself and of the fearful consequences which follow it, and while ever bewailing his past, he had taken terrible vengeance on himself. Then followed some years when he had ever before him the life and sufferings of his Lord. And from these thoughts he was raised to the consideration of the perfection of God, and to so close a union that the knowledge of Him and of His infinite excellence, of His love of souls so utterly unworthy of His affection, set his heart on fire. (p. 42.)

About six months after his entrance into the Society, St. Alonso was sent to Majorca, where a house had recently been founded. He remained there until the end of his life. This removal from Spain and from his family and friends, was a cause of rejoicing to him, since it made his sacrifice more complete. From the very first he seems to have been a proficient in all the virtues which belong to the religious state. We are told that a great many Fathers who lived with him

for no less than forty years said that although they noticed most carefully all that he did, they could perceive no fault or imperfection in the holy Brother. Moreover, he was careful to perform every action with the purest intention, so as to turn each action, as his biographer happily expresses it, "into a gold coin current in Heaven." So perfect was his obedience that he often took in a literal sense the orders given him, thus exposing himself to ridicule, as is shown by several very entertaining stories found in chapter x. (pp. 271—287). The rule of the Order he invariably interpreted and followed in the most rigid manner.

His principle was shown when a scholastic asked him one day if it was necessary to sweep out one's room three times a week, as St. Ignatius' rule prescribes: *tertio saltem quoque die*—"at least every third day." The received meaning in the Society is twice a week. But St. Alonso took a stricter view for his own use. "My dear Brother, I sweep it four times a week, because the rule orders at least three times. Now that word 'at least,' seems to require more, and so I sweep it four times. That is safer." (p. 167.)

No one was more eager for mortification than the humble Brother. Every opportunity for conquest of his senses was a delight to him. Once there was at the college a lay-brother as cook, who was fonder of hearing Masses and saying Rosaries than seeing to his work. It was summer-time, and the garden bore a large crop of pumpkins, some of which were, however, quite bitter and unfit for food.

Either the Brother in charge of the garden, or the cook himself, one day by mistake, gathered some of the unwholesome sort. The Brother had, a few days before, cooked a dish of gourds in the same way, so he did not think of tasting them before he sent them into the refectory. He served them up in separate porringers, one for each person. St. Alonso evidently smelt how disagreeable was the mess which he had before him, for, putting aside some fruit which had been sent in as a first course, he at once, contrary to his rule, began before every one else to devour with avidity his disgusting plateful, just as if he feared he should be balked in his mortification; so that before the others had tasted of the dish, he had finished his portion. (p. 105.)

He paid dearly, we are told, for this act of penance, for the violent sickness and pain produced by the poisonous food, lasted several days.

Although St. Alonso had never studied theology, he spoke with such accuracy and erudition on religious matters, that the Fathers marvelled at him.

Father San Juan (himself a great preacher) was anxious to hear our Saint on spiritual subjects, and he bade him one night during supper, to go up into the reading-pulpit and address the community. For half an hour he spoke most marvellously on various virtues, till the Visitor made a sign for him to stop, and said to him, "Brother Alonso, from the beginning to the end, what you have been saying about the different virtues are mere generalities. Is this what we should expect from one who by his vocation ought to possess them in their perfection? I order you for your sermon to kiss the feet of all the community." The Brother accepted this test of his humility right gladly, and performed the penance with deep reverence. . . . Father San Juan himself was not less touched by the joyful self-abasement of the Saint than by his marvellous discourse. (p. 141.)

No wonder he spoke well on the various virtues, for he practised them all to perfection. When holding the office of doorkeeper, however severely his temper and patience were tried, he never betrayed the slightest annoyance, but was always the same; prompt to answer the bell, gentle and courteous to all who came to the door.

Never was he known to make the slightest difficulty, whatever the task set him might be, or to excuse himself on account of his age, or much less, on account of his regular devotions. He always gave the preference over his well-beloved prayer to the special duties of a lay-brother. If by chance he had no work allotted to him, he volunteered to help wherever anything wanted doing, as far as his strength would allow. As long as he could hold a broom, he tried to sweep like the rest, and even when hardly able to stand, nothing but obedience could prevent him from going with the others into the kitchen to wash up the dishes, or take his share in the humblest employment. (p. 170.)

Nor did years abate his love of penance. So wan and pale did he become that the boys attending the school called him the *extrema unciado*, or *Hermano oleado*, literally, the Brother who has been anointed. Besides this, his strength was worn out by conflict with demons. They appeared to him under the most appalling shapes, inflicted on him terrible torments, and assailed him with frightful temptations. His great love for our Lady seems to have been the chief cause of their fury against him.

Space forbids us to cull any more of the blossoms that adorn every page of this interesting biography. The reader will learn for himself what were the fruits of this life of virtue and of penance; to what mysterious heights God called St. Alonso to ascend; how he saw Heaven opened for deceased members

of the Society, and themselves resplendent with celestial glory; how our Blessed Lady appeared to him frequently, consoled and encouraged him, and assured him of the love she felt for him; how he foretold future events, and by his prayers effected miraculous cures, and even stilled the raging elements. A foreknowledge of the date of his death was granted to the aged athlete; after a year of intense suffering, he expired at the age of eighty-six.

We must be allowed to tender our sincere thanks to Father Goldie for the diligent study and research with which he has collected the materials for this valuable and edifying biography, by means of which a striking example of virtue and holiness is exhibited to the admiration and imitation of the Christian.

4.—LECTURES ON LOGIC AND ONTOLOGY.¹

The Logic and Ontology of Father Lahousse completes the course of speculative philosophy published by him. It was preceded by three volumes treating on Cosmology, Psychology, and Natural Theology.² Taken altogether the four volumes make up a work of over two thousand pages in large octavo, costing twenty-five francs. The present volume is a worthy companion of its predecessors. The most prominent features which will endear it to students, are the systematic arrangement of subjects, clearness, fulness, and solid exposition of doctrine, and thorough discussion of old and modern difficulties.

After an introduction to philosophy in general, and to logic in particular, our author expounds in the first part of his Logic (*Dialectica*) the scholastic doctrine on ideas and terms, judgments and propositions, division and definition, inference and argumentation. At the end there is added an explanation of a series of technical scholastic distinctions, the careful perusal of which will guard the young logician against the haziness of thought which words varying in meaning sometimes are liable to engender.

¹ *Praelectiones Logicae et Ontologicae*. Quas in Collegio Maximo Lovaniensi, S.J. Habebat Gustavus Lahousse, E.S., nunc in eodem Collegio Theologiae Dogmaticae Lector. Lovanii: Typis Caroli Peeters, bibliop. via Namurcensi, 22, pp. xx., 604.

² Cf. THE MONTH, October 1887, pp. 296, seq.; August 1888, pp. 590, seq.; Jan. 1889, pp. 137, seq.

The second part of the Logic (*Critica*) furnishes the student with serviceable armour against universal and partial scepticism. As the latter in one form or other pervades most modern systems of philosophy, a good *Critica* is a real boon for the future ecclesiastic. Instead of giving a summary of the contents, we will make some remarks about a controverted question occurring in this part. Father Lahousse maintains in the first chapter on the nature of certitude that there is properly speaking only one *species* of certitude, viz., metaphysical, although there is a threefold order of judgments, metaphysical, physical, and moral, that constitute its objective basis. The chief reason for maintaining this is the fact that we are not properly certain about the truth of a statement, unless we see that its denial logically involves a denial of the metaphysical principle of contradiction. As far as we are able to judge, from this it only follows that there is one *genus* of certitude.

Certitude is a state of mind essential to the judgment from which I must start in order that I may see my opposition to the principle of contradiction, in the case of my denying some statement to which I should adhere firmly. According as that judgment belongs to the metaphysical, physical, or moral order of truths, the proximate *positive* foundation of the firmness of my assent will differ, and therefore the adhesion to the truth in question vary in its species, because everything essentially relative is specified by its formal object. It is one thing to prove *metaphysically* that there must be a real physical and moral certitude, and quite another thing to establish the *specific* identity of these two certitudes with *metaphysical*. Having never seen America, I may have such a moral certitude about its existence that I can prove by metaphysical reasons, "If the existence of America is not certain, nothing remains certain for me." Nevertheless, its existence is proved to me by quite other positive reasons than the existence of a First Cause. Consequently, although I have certainty about its existence, this certainty differs specifically from the natural certainty about the existence of a First Cause.

Father Lahousse's *Critica* is no doubt one of the very best that has hitherto been published. The same may be said about his *Ontology*. He divides it into three parts, of which the first treats on being and its properties, the second on substance, hypostasis, accidents, and on the identity, distinction, and causes of beings, and the third on simple and compound,

mutable and immutable, finite and infinite, necessary and contingent being, the whole winding up with some articles on order and beauty.

In the first part the celebrated controversy about the real distinction between created essence and its existence is very satisfactorily discussed. Our author maintains a logical distinction based on the objective foundation of the contingency of creatures.

This view was taken by the great Dominican D. Sotus and the Jesuit Suarez. Both were utterly opposed to a real distinction, and found many followers. On the other hand, the real distinction is upheld by weighty authorities. For our own part we think that it is difficult to attack with clear reasons the position held by those who deny a real distinction. Father Schiffini, who in his excellent work *Principia Philosophica* (op. c. pp. 624—633), discusses the whole question and adheres to a real distinction *as probable*, admits nevertheless that the reasons for the opinion which has been preferred by our author are probable enough. (cf. *ib.* p. 624.) He is, however, of opinion that the Angelic Doctor taught a *real* distinction. Other students of St. Thomas, for instance the celebrated Father Kleutgen, hesitate to pronounce judgment on the real doctrine of the Angel of the School regarding this abstruse subject. Father Lepidi, O.P., in his well-known *Elementa Philosophæ Christianæ* (vol. ii. pp. 159—172), gives a good exposition of the question controverted and of the reasons *pro* and *con*, but does not tell us which of the two opinions he prefers, nor what he believes to be the true interpretation of St. Thomas. According to his judgment, on grounds of reason either view is probable. We confess we do not think that it is a hopeless task to show that there is substantial harmony between St. Thomas on the one side and Sotus and Suarez on the other. But to establish this harmony it is before all necessary to weigh accurately the different meanings attached to "*esse*¹ and *compositio*"² by St. Thomas. Those acquainted with the nature of the question will also do well to consider the logical consequence of St. Thomas teaching in one passage: "*Creatio est productio totius substantiæ*,"³ and in other "*Primus effectus creationis est ipsum esse*,"⁴ "*Esse est causatum primum*."⁵ In

¹ Cf. St. Thomas Quodlib. 9 a. 3, on the different meanings of "*esse*."

² Cf. S. Th. iii. q. 2. a. 1. c. § "Hoc autem modo, &c., and *ib.* a. 4.

³ S. Th. i. 65. 3. c. ⁴ *De Pot.* q. 3. a. 4. ⁵ *Contra Gent.* l. ii. c. 21.

our opinion the consequence is decidedly in favour of a *distinctio rationis cum fundamento in re* between a created substance or essence, and "*esse*" or existence.

A question not less subtle than that on the distinction between essence and existence is that about the relation of *personality* to *nature*. Father Lahousse discusses it admirably in his treatise *De Hypostasi*. That treatise is useful reading not only for logicians but also for theologians. According to the doctrine defended therein, the objective concept of hypostasis is positive (pp. 412, seq.); a complete substance is not really distinct from its own subsistence. (pp. 421, seq.) Consequently the celebrated *modus supposititalitatis* postulated by Suarez and others is rejected. The doctrine of our author about the unity of substance and accident on p. 447, and the unity of matter and form referred to on p. 460, seems to us liable to objection. We should like to know how he, in the opinion he holds, explains the inhesion of formal extension in the living human body. It certainly does not inhere in the essence of the soul. What then is the subject of its inhesion? And must not this subject be *actus (ens) secundum quid*, although it is *potentia pura (ens in potentia) simpliciter*? Whether our difficulty is real or imaginary, others may decide. It no doubt was felt keenly by Suarez, who solves it very well by adhering to an opinion which is rejected by many, but which, as far as we can see, is neither opposed to reason nor to St. Thomas.¹

Having made this minor exception to the doctrine of our author, we could still dwell on many points discussed by him. But the limits assigned to our review do not allow so. We take, therefore, leave of this solid contribution to scholastic philosophy with a hearty "God speed."

5.—MONTHLY MEDITATIONS FOR PRIESTS.²

It speaks volumes for the Belgian clergy that they should have widely adopted the habit of making in common every month a day of retreat; and we learn with the keenest satisfaction that a similar pious practice prevails in England, at any rate amongst the Secular Clergy of Salford, to whom

¹ Cf. Suarez. *Disp. Met.* disp. 13. sect. 5. n. 8, seq. disp. 14. s. 3. n. 35. et nn. 44.—60.

² *Sacerdos rite institutus piis exercitationibus mensuræ recollectionis*. Auctore P. Adulpho Petit, S.J. Brugis: Desclée et Soc., 1888.

we venture to recommend as well adapted to their purpose this little book, called *Sacerdos rite institutus piis exercitiis menstruæ recollectionis*. Its author, Father Adolph Petit, well known as, until lately, the Instructor of the Jesuit Fathers in their tertianship at Tronchiennes, has been invited so frequently to different dioceses to conduct their monthly retreats or days of recollection, that he has been for some short time past set free by his Superiors from all other occupations, that his time might be chiefly devoted to giving to the clergy monthly as well as annual retreats. In Belgium both are always given in Latin; and in this book we have a collection of twenty-five days of recollection or retreat, which is set apart to the service of the clergy by the use of the Latin language. According to the description of a day of recollection in the Address to the Clergy prefixed to the volume, the priests meet over night for the *Veni Creator*, and we suppose to hear the points of the first meditation. In the morning the meditation is made at home, and at some convenient time a special examination of conscience on some given point of priestly duties. The Holy Communion in the Mass is received as if It were the Viaticum. The whole day is spent with great recollection, custody of eyes and tongue, great diligence in avoiding the smallest fault, and care in performing every action. In the afternoon the priests meet, and after saying the Rosary together, they have a conference or a second meditation, and then the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, kneeling before which an examination into the condition and state of the soul, and a solemn preparation for death, are made under the guidance of the Father who directs the retreat, and Benediction follows.

In the *Études Ecclesiastiques*, published by M. Le Beurier, in the Rue de l'Enfert Rocheraux at Paris, Père Petit has printed from time to time the points given by him for meditations and examinations at these edifying meetings of priests. The volume before us is the reprint of a certain number of these, and as the publication of the series is proceeding, in the course of time we may expect another similar volume. We venture to call the attention of the clergy to the one before us. In it meditations and examinations are alike written on purpose for priests, and the use of Latin renders it possible to speak with a plainness that in the vernacular would not be advisable. Ordinary meditation books rarely make suggestions particularly or exclusively applicable to the clergy; and this book may

not only be found useful for its original purpose, of helping a priest to spend a day of recollection profitably each month, but it might also serve for some time as a book for daily meditation. One point will usually be found to contain sufficient matter for a meditation, and sometimes there are subdivisions, each one quite full enough to be taken alone. Many of the examinations of conscience would also make excellent meditations. The style is extremely simple and easy, and the manner of handling and dividing the subjects in itself suggestive and very instructive. The book is admirably printed by Desclée, De Brouwer, and Co., to whom we regard ourselves as under an obligation for having placed it in a neat and handy form, yet with foreign moderation of price, within reach of the clergy.

6.—A METRICAL VERSION OF THE IMITATION.¹

During the past few years the Author of the *Imitation of Christ* has received much attention. Several prose versions of his work have appeared, besides various monographs on Thomas à Kempis, who is usually credited in these days with the good deed of having composed this book. We think we recollect one metrical version by a lady, published by Burns and Oates, but beyond that our memory recalls no other. It was an arduous task to translate the *Imitation* into rhyming verses, and opinions may differ as to how far Mr. Carrington has succeeded. The book shows unmistakeable signs of care and loving devotion. No difficulty has been shirked, and the fourth book, usually a stumbling-block in the path of all but sons of the true Church, is turned with unexceptionable accuracy. Indeed, the translation throughout cannot fairly be charged with any want of attention or any misconstruction, though "mundane universe" is hardly an ideal rendering of *mundum universum*." (iv. xiii.) Of course the utility of such a version may be questioned. Those who read Latin will prefer the beautiful language of the original, while those who are not familiar with the learned tongue will not fail to find pleasure in the many prose renderings which are in the book market. If the rendering in prose be but literal and simple, it cannot fail to inherit

¹ *Of the Imitation of Christ by Thomas à Kempis.* A metrical version by Henry Carrington, M.A., Dean and Rector of Bocking. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.

most of the charm of its Latin progenitor. This charm a verse translation can hardly retain to the same extent. The exigencies of rhyme and metre preclude absolute verbal fidelity, and thus take away from the simplicity which mainly pleases in the *Imitation*. Still, the same things do not always delight us, and to many the chance of spiritual reading in verse will be a boon, while some may be attracted in this way to a work they would otherwise neglect.

As to the versification, the right metre has been chosen. It is the easiest to handle, and is at the same time calculated to preserve the quiet dignity and gracefulness of the original. But Mr. Carrington might certainly have used it better. Many parts are harsh and uncouth, others are monotonous. These faults could have been remedied, it seems to us, by greater attention to variety of pause and accent. Nor is the constant inversion which meets us quite necessary. Many modern poets have shown that heroics do not depend for success on the old expedient of changing the usual run of sentences. With regard to rhymes, we may give the translator deserved praise for his skill in this essential department of the poet's art. There are blemishes to be sure, *e.g.*, *course* and *cross* (iii. 18), *men* and *contemn* (iii. 22), *abroad* and *accord* (iii. 31), *wrath* and *forth* (iii. 48), are mere assonances, and such rhymes as *I—humility* are too frequent. But perfection in this point may easily be obtained in a future edition. On the whole, then, we may say that the work attempted has been well done, forming a useful addition to the devotional literature available for all alike. As a favourable specimen of the style, we cite the following extract (iii. 48):

O Blessed mansions of God's realm on high !
 O day resplendent of eternity,
 Which never can be darkened o'er by night,
 Where truth supreme sheds everlasting light !
 Day ever joyful, ever safe and sure,
 From change of state and all reverse secure !
 Oh, would that glorious day already shone,
 And all these things of Time were spent and gone !
 It doth indeed to saints in glory shine
 With light unceasing, splendid and divine ;
 But to poor pilgrims upon earth, alas !
 'Tis far away, as seen but in a glass.

The Dean dedicates his translation to "my daughter, Mary Catharine Carrington, now Sœur Marie Baptiste of the Assumption," from which we may infer that he is the father of

a daughter professing that faith in which à Kempis lived and died. May her prayers and those of the blessed writer in Heaven win him an equal grace with that which she has already received!

7.—MERRY HEARTS AND TRUE.¹

Most of these stories are reprinted from the *Ave Maria*, and those who have read them in its pages will welcome the collection in book form. The stories are for children and about children—real live children who act and speak as such, and are so natural that we cannot doubt the truth of the title that the stories are “from life.” No child could fail to see what moral each story is intended to convey, and yet there are hardly two lines of what can be called “preachy.” The very highest teaching lives in every page and the standard of right is a very lofty one. The love and imitation of the Sacred Heart, real self-denial, charity and unselfishness, are among the lessons taught by these stories, each and all so bright, lively, and sometimes so truly pathetic. They are all so excellent and original, so utterly removed from the commonplace that it would be difficult to say which is the best of the six.

“The Blind Apple Woman,” is a true story of some merry college boys who one day missed the old woman who used to supply them with apples, &c. One boy, Jack, suggested that she might be ill.

“Just think,” said he, “if a fellow’s mother were sightless and infirm, and had no one to do anything for her! By Jove! It makes a chap feel kind of queer! I say, boys,” he added, with an effort to hide the tremor of emotion in his voice, and with a sudden lapse to the droll humour which rendered him so popular, “let’s take the ancient dame for our grandmother, and see what can be done to make her comfortable. Dick Donnell and I will form a committee,” he went on, pausing only for his chum’s nod of assent. “We will go in search of our newly-discovered relative, and report to the meeting to-morrow.”

This they did, and soon a regular system of relieving the poor old woman was started, mothers and sisters of

¹ *Merry Hearts and True.* Stories from Life. By Mary Catherine Crowley. 1 Vol. New York: D. and J. Sadlier and Co., 33, Barclay Street, and 38, Park Place, 1889.

the boys soon helping them in their charitable work. All through their college course this was kept up and even beyond it.

In later years a popular young physician, a newly-ordained priest, or rising merchant, would come knocking at Mrs. Murray's door to inquire for his old friend, and humour her, perchance, by asking the question, which always made her laugh as heartily as if she had not heard it a hundred times before: How it was he could never get as sweet an apple now as those she used to sell in the dear old college days?

We leave to the many readers of the book to make acquaintance with the stories themselves, and we shall hope to welcome many more from the same pen. Not only children, but all lovers of child-life will gladly take up the book and be as sorry as we were when we came to the last page.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

A PROTESTANT observer, given to epigram, once pronounced the contrast between Catholic and Protestant writers thus: "Catholics, strong in principles, but weak in facts; Protestants, strong in facts, but weak in principles." Without in any way confessing to the impeachment of weakness in facts, we may accept the critic's acknowledgment of our strength in the principles without the aid of which facts are insusceptible of any rational interpretation, and certainly the weakness of every phase of Protestantism in this respect is most striking. We are led to this reflexion at the present moment, because *A Short Cut to the True Church*¹ is specially remarkable for its firm grasp of principles and its forcible way of setting them forth in a few exact and lucid sentences. The writer deals with four "mountains" of Catholic Truth which non-Catholics find hard to surmount, the Papacy, Transubstantiation, the Confessional, the *cultus* of our Blessed Lady. The short cut is made by observing in each case the Fact, then the Word, then the Comparison of the Word with the Fact. Thus, to illustrate from the first instance, the writer calls attention to Papal Supremacy as a broad fact actually existent in the world and forming the centre round which by far the largest community in Christendom gathers, and by which it is held together: he then appeals in a few short sentences to common sense to say whether there is anything in a system like this, conceived for the time being, as merely a possible divine arrangement, to make it inconceivable, and not rather supremely reasonable and likely. He then passes on to deal with the Petrine texts, which he expounds very forcibly and yet very simply. Lastly, he brings the two, the Fact and the Word,

¹ *A Short Cut to the True Church, or the Fact and the Word.* By the Rev. E. Hill, C.P. Office of the *Ave Maria*, Notre Dame, Indiana.

into relation, arguing thus. The texts must have some fulfilment: that the Papacy exactly suits, whereas nothing else is producible that will suit. We can most cordially recommend this little book. It is admirably fitted for the personal use of a Catholic who desires to provide himself with the means of defending his faith against attacks on these four points, and it is also just the thing to put into the hands of an inquiring or well-disposed Anglican.

The two volumes of the Granville Popular Library¹ just published are re-issues of well-known books. The first named, on the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of London, is a careful record of the marks of the faith of our Fathers still existing in London and its neighbourhood. Many who have not the time or power to search out for themselves the facts here stated will be glad to find them arranged in such order that the volume may serve as a guide-book as well as interesting reading. The chapters are arranged in "Walks," the first being from Holborn to All Hallows, Barking, and it would well repay those who have leisure to follow Mr. Wood in his walks and verify for themselves all the witnesses to the fact of London having been indeed a stronghold of the Catholic faith. There are many interesting anecdotes in the book and old legends of London Bridge, which to those to whom they are new, will lend a new charm to the localities so familiar to the Londoner. The heroic life and death of Father Damien has brought the subject of leprosy much before the public mind, and many may not be aware of what Mr. Wood tells us, namely, that St. James's Palace occupies the site of a "leper hospital." The endowment was for women, only fourteen in number, and eight brethren attended to the religious services. The book is throughout written so pleasantly that the most unlearned in architecture and antiquaries will not condemn it as dry. We should recommend all who can to procure the book, as it deserves a place in the home of every English Catholic.

Now that the work of the Church is pursued with comparative peace and safety in the great Empire of Annam, it may gradually be forgotten how great has been the struggle ere this has become

¹ *Ecclesiastical Antiquities of London and its Suburbs.* By Alexander Wood, M.A., Oxon. Granville Popular Library. 1 vol. London: Burns and Oates, Ltd.

The Persecutions of Annam: A History of Christianity in Cochin China and Tonking. By John R. Shortland, M.A., Canon of Plymouth. Author of *The Korean Martyrs*. 1 vol. Granville Popular Library. London: Burns and Oates, Ltd.

the case. So that Canon Shortland's book will serve ever to keep in memory the annals of the persecutions, and prevent them from slipping into oblivion. Francis Buzomi, a Jesuit Father, was the first who made any real impression in the country. That was in 1615. From that time, as every effort was made to Christianize, the roll of the martyrs increased, persecutions raged, and each step now had to be heavily paid for. The book is deeply interesting from beginning to end, and all who take it up will agree that it is difficult to lay it down.

Cardinal Manning has published his recent Pastoral on Education.¹ In it he points out the necessity of doing more for our Catholic schoolmasters. At present the supply is not at all equal to the demand, and the remuneration is not sufficient to attract the best men. The matter is one of vital importance to the Catholic cause in England, and we recommend our readers to study with care the Cardinal's weighty words and valuable suggestions. Unless some effort is made by Catholics, we shall lose even more of our boys than we do now.

St. Bonaventure,² the great theologian and still greater Saint, is one of those servants of God with whose life most Catholics are but little acquainted. At his Baptism he was called John, and the name of Bonaventure was one of those of which we may say that it was given by command of God Himself. St. Francis of Assisi, a short time before his death, came to the house where the parents of the Saint were living, and looking upon the child recognized in him one who was to be a most brilliant ornament of his order. "O Buona Ventura!" he cried out, and speaking under Divine inspiration decreed that henceforward Buonaventura was to be his name. The early promise of the Saint was more than realized, and the seraphic Doctor, the master of St. Thomas of Aquin, was no less illustrious among men as a philosopher and theologian than he was dear to God by reason of his high sanctity. The Life that Mrs. Skey has translated gives in compact form an interesting sketch of his varied gifts, and of the works he did for God. As Professor, Author, Preacher, Bishop, Cardinal, he laboured assiduously for God and for the Church. We hope that our readers will take the

¹ *A Pastoral Letter to the Clergy and Laity of the Archdiocese of Westminster, on Education.* By Henry Edward, Cardinal Archbishop. London: Burns and Oates, Limited, 1889.

² *Life of St. Bonaventure.* Translated by L. C. Skey. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

opportunity here offered them of learning more respecting one who is remarkable even among the saints.

St. Leonard of Port Maurice, in his prayers for Holy Mass,¹ leads us through the various stages of our Lord's Passion, from His Agony in the Garden of Gethsemani to His consignment to the tomb. These prayers are short and very beautiful, and we earnestly recommend them as well as the devotions for Confession and Holy Communion which follow, by the pen of the same Saint.

The devotion to Our Lady of Perpetual Help has greatly increased of past years, many graces and favours have been granted through her intercession, and churches have been already erected to her under this title. Father St. Omer, C.S.S.R., gives a history² of the well-known picture and a novena in honour of her name. Each day begins with a short meditation, to which are added a pious picture and one or two encouraging examples and graces obtained through her.

Throughout Father Maltus' *Garden of Divine Love*³ there runs one thought only, but it is one that contains in itself the beginning and the end of all perfection. The motto of the book or rather the sentiment which every page enforces is, My God, I love Thee. All the meditations and prayers contained in it are directed to this as its one end. It contains devotions to the Blessed Trinity, to our Lord, to the Holy Ghost, and to our Lady, and we sincerely hope that the lesson that it inculcates may be widely learnt.

The Tertiaries connected with many of the religious orders naturally have for their special spirit the spirit of the order to which they are attached. From this fact Father Geudens concludes that the spirit of the Third Order of Premonstratensians must be zeal for souls and the praise of God. These tertiaries were very numerous in mediæval times, and we hope that Father Geudens' explanation⁴ of their duties, privileges, and rules, will help to increase their numbers in the present day.

¹ *Prayers for Mass.* By St. Leonard of Port Maurice. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

² *Novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help.* By Father St. Omer, Redemptorist. Translated from the French by Rosa Alma Cuietier. Boston: Thomas B. Noonan and Co., 1890.

³ *The Garden of Divine Love.* By Rev. J. A. Maltus, O.P. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

⁴ *Manual of the Third Order of St. Norbert.* Compiled by the Rev. Martin Geudens, Canon Regular of the Order of Prémontré. London: Burns and Oates, Limited, 1889.

The Crucifix is indeed the source of all the learning that really deserves the name. It teaches us more than any book can teach. Even the Bible is far more likely to fall on ears that cannot understand, and to fail of inculcating its Divine lessons, than the Crucifix.¹ A little book that enforces the teaching of the Crucifix and makes us love and value it more is always welcome, and we wish all success and a wide circulation to these simple and instructive lessons from the Crucifix.

We welcome heartily a second edition of *The Kingdom of God*.² This success is a fair test of the opinion expressed by the Bishop of Salford in the Preface, that, "Father McDermott Roe is well able to take part in presenting the most important truths to the mind, according to the mental taste and fashion of the day." We would recommend especially the chapter on the sustenance needed on the way to the Kingdom as a specimen of the clear and pleasing style in which Father Roe treats an important truth.

No question is of greater importance to the Catholic interests at the present time than the preservation of the faith of our Catholic children from the proselytizing wolves who are ever seeking to devour their souls under the pretext of feeding their bodies. There is a regular organization of these miscreants who carry off our poor little ones and rob them, unless they are speedily rescued, of the precious treasure of their faith. The parents, indifferent or bad Catholics, give them up for money or to get rid of the expense of keeping them, and if they repent are too ignorant and shiftless to recover them. When the matter is reported to the Brothers of St. Vincent de Paul, or the parish priest, they often are ignorant of the law respecting the custody of children and do not know how to act. In such cases and many others which frequently occur, especially where mixed marriages, illegitimacy, or the death of one of the parents raises a question respecting the religion in which a child is to be brought up, the pamphlet³ lately published by Messrs. Maude and Leathley will be found extremely useful. It gives a clear and concise sketch of the law respecting the rights of father, mother, and guardian to determine the religion of a child

¹ *Lessons from the Best of Books, The Crucifix.* Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son.

² *The Kingdom of God.* By the Rev. C. McDermott Roe. With a Preface by the Lord Bishop of Salford. Second Edition. London: Burns and Oates, Limited.

³ *The Outlines of the Law as to the Custody of Children.* By William Cassell Maude, B.C.L., M.A., and Dudley William Beresford Leathley. Published for the Authors, by the Catholic Truth Society.

and adds a number of practical hints how to proceed when legal action is necessary. All those interested in the education of our poor children should read it; it is couched in plain language, quite intelligible to the non-professional reader.

Dr. Witt, the great musician¹ to whom the Cecilian Society owes so much must be acknowledged by all lovers of good church music as a benefactor to the cause they have at heart, as well as himself one of the most accomplished of musicians. He was moreover a good and holy priest, and will always be remembered in connection with the Society of which he was President. Mr. Butterfield has written a little sketch of his life which originally appeared in *THE MONTH*, and we are glad to see that competent judges have deemed it worthy of separate publication.

Miss-Dobrée has written for the Catholic Truth Society a series of Stories on the Seven Sacraments, which are appearing monthly, two having been already published. She is a practised and accomplished teller of simple stories, and both *Blanche's Baptism*² and *The Mark that was never rubbed out*,³ will be read with interest both by old and young. She wisely varies the *locale* of her stories, and the circumstances of those who take part in them. Now the scene is laid in England, now in Italy, and elsewhere. These stories are pleasing and well told; they bring out well the distinctive character and graces attached to each of the sacraments, and when bound will be an excellent school prize which children will value.

The *Book of the Professed*⁴ sums up in three stout little volumes the obligations of religious life, as consisting in loving, fighting, suffering, praying, obeying. In the first volume is treated the charity without which all the rest is useless. The second deals with the duty of fighting, and the third with the remaining three. Thus we have quite a complete treatise of Christian perfection, based on the long practical experience of the Author. It has the marks which experience and holiness must be combined to produce. It is thorough and uncom-

¹ *Franz Witt (1834—1888)*. By H. S. Butterfield. London: Catholic Truth Society, 18, West Square.

² *Blanche's Baptism*. By Louisa Emily Dobrée. London: Catholic Truth Society.

³ *The Mark that was never rubbed out*. By Louisa Emily Dobrée. London: Catholic Truth Society.

⁴ *The Book of the Professed*. By the Author of *Golden Sands*. In three vols. New York: Benziger Bros.

promising, yet at the same time gentle and encouraging. It teaches the good religious to be content with nothing short of perfection, while it never urges to what is impossible. The translation is by Miss Ella McMahon, and this is enough to vouch for its excellence.

Books for children sent us by American writers are usually bright and readable. The small volume¹ before us does not disappoint us in this respect. The child who begins the book will not be likely to put it down until Marjorie has been followed through her adventure, and the result of it discovered. The characters are thoroughly natural, the incidents probable, and the whole story is well put together, while the religious element is distinct and yet never obtrusive. We are sure that English children will like the book, and welcome more of the same series and from the same pen.

II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach* opens with some remarks explaining the utility of the Bill recently passed in the German Parliament rendering insurance compulsory for workpeople. This provision against casualties is especially needed in factories where the work is of a dangerous nature, and since the expenses are borne by the employers of labour, the community at large will not be burdened with the support of incapacitated workmen. Father Langhorst, in concluding his review of *Christianity in the light of Modern Ideas*, points out that the Protestant theologian whose utterances he discusses, endeavours like all rationalists, to eliminate the supernatural from the Person and work of the Saviour of mankind. In an article entitled "The School for Children," Father v. Hammerstein points out that the object of the present system of education is the glorification of the State, the teachers often being employed as tools for the furtherance of political aims. Father Wasmann contributes a second interesting paper on the habits of ants, and the functions of these busy insects in relation to the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Father Beissel writes on the symbolism of the dove in Scripture, in the writings of the

¹ *Marjorie's Adventure*. By Agnes Sadlier. Sunshine Series. One volume. New York : D. and J. Sadlier and Co., 1889.

Fathers, and in early Christian art. The readers of Father Baumgartner's agreeable account of his visit to Scandinavia will be interested in receiving some additional information, from another writer, about the state of Catholicism in the North in pre-Reformation times. The generally received ideas on this point are most erroneous. As far as Denmark is concerned, written records dating about 1500 are still extant. These show the churches to have been very numerous, richly decorated, regularly attended by both rich and poor; and this not merely on Sundays, but as far as possible on weekdays also.

The current number of the *Katholik* contains an account of a contest between Frederick the First of Prussia and the city of Cologne, originating in a claim put forward by the King for the public performance of Calvinistic services in that exclusively Catholic city. On the refusal of the council to tolerate this innovation, the King took up the matter seriously; several secular princes, bishops, and the Papal Nuntius were involved in the dispute, which extended over several years. This episode in the ecclesiastical history of Prussia is of interest as being the forerunner of the war against Papal authority later on in the same century. Under the form of a supplement to Professor Janssen's valuable history, some details are given regarding the education of young ladies in convents during the middle ages. From the review of the state of religion in Bavaria, the reader will gather that although the liberty at present enjoyed by the Church is not established on a thoroughly satisfactory basis, yet the Catholics of Bavaria may look forward to a peaceful and happy future. The remaining articles consist of a review of the latest theological and philosophical works of Dr. Karl Werner, whose career of usefulness was cut short in April of last year, and a notice of a Benedictine Abbot, a prolific writer of controversial books in the early part of this century. Unless a fuller report of the proceedings of the recent Catholic Congress at Vienna has met his eye, the reader will peruse with pleasure a short account of the discussion which took place there on the subject of Christian art.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (939, 940), looking back for a period of thirty years, gives an historical account of the events of 1859—60, commencing the line of policy which has—to quote the forcible words made use of by the writer—caused Italy to become a *proverb and bye-word among all people*. The corres-

pondence carried on at the time between Victor Emmanuel and Pius the Ninth, is given for the purpose of showing that the former had not lost his faith, and would not have acted as he did, had it not been for the instigations of Napoleon the Third, who, while to all appearance filled with loyal devotion to the Holy See, was in reality its worst, because its most powerful enemy. A third article on music as a part of the liturgy of the Church, treating of Apostolic times, states that not only historic evidence, but tradition and instinctive feeling convinces us that melody has always formed a part of Divine worship. Although the loud instrumental music of the Jewish rites was impossible in the days of persecution, yet psalms and hymns were sung at the assemblies of the early Christians. The *Civiltà* further contains the continuation of the account of the origin and growth of the several Universities of Italy in the middle ages; also the conclusion of the history of the Shepherd-Kings of Egypt. This treatise affords much valuable information on a period of time to which hitherto the attention of the Egyptologist and Biblical exegetist has been little directed, and it witnesses to much careful and laborious research on the part of the learned writer. The question discussed in the scientific notes is the drainage of the ground on which Rome stands. Below the surface of the soil not only springs, but streams of water abound; and it is feared that should they be deprived of their natural outlet into the Tiber, by the walls now being built to confine that river to its bed, they will collect in cellars and cavities, loosen the foundations of the buildings, and by stagnation create miasma. The conflicting opinions on this subject are given in the *Civiltà*.

The opening article in the *Études* for August is from Father de Bonniot's able pen. He explains some of the puzzling phenomena of hypnotism, and gives instances of the singular manner in which the imagination acts upon the senses, producing a temporary hallucination in the case of nervous subjects. No one can now plead ignorance of the manner of life in the middle ages, since so many documents have been found throwing light on those hitherto unknown and much-maligned times. The information on this subject contained in Father Boutie's pleasantly-written paper is drawn from the household annals of the Comtesse d'Artois, granddaughter to St. Louis. The contrast is strongly marked between the healthy, natural habits of bygone days, and the

artificial self-indulgent life of modern society. The question of the part the clergy are justified in taking in political matters and elections is well and fairly discussed in the concluding article on that subject. All who realize the importance of solving the great social problem of the day will be glad to read the account of an association organized in the north of France for the amelioration of the condition of the working classes. The scheme, elaborated during four years of observation and experiment, has now taken permanent shape, and proves most advantageous in creating friendly relations between employer and employed. On the occasion of the recent strikes in the mining districts, the beneficial influence of the association was tested. Mention must not be omitted of Father Longhay's excellent essay on literary taste among Christians. He warns the Christian against the seductions of talent ill directed, reminding him that to read a book is to place oneself voluntarily in close contact with the mind of the author. Many persons, Father Longhay justly remarks, lack the courage to close a clever book from whose principles and moral tone they revolt. A vigorous and well-balanced mind, trained by good sense and experience, confirmed by faith, is the best judge of good taste in literature.

